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# *Cartoons in Character*

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*Allyn K. Foster*

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# *Cartoons in Character*

BY  
ALLYN K. FOSTER

**Association Press**

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TO

GEORGE F. BOOTH, Esq.,  
EDITOR "EVENING GAZETTE," WORCESTER, MASS.

*You always know where he stands, and he possesses the rare faculty of being a true friend.*



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# CARTOONS IN CHARACTER

## I

### WILLIE WILTS

It takes but two words to recount his "short and simple annals"—Willie wilts. The vertebrae of his spinal column are like bricks on end in a row. Topple the first, and they all clatter to the ground in hopeless confusion and magnificent uselessness. Bricks without mortar to make them stick, are dead. Strong walls are something more than assembled brick-bats.

Willie Wilts possesses many of the higher impulses, and appeals of the better sort always reach him. Is it the call of patriotism? Willie at once enlists and in the bravery of his uniform presents a really impressive appearance. The singing of the first bullet past his ear, or the first nick in his skin finds him in full retreat or crumpled up behind the nearest hedge. Willie wilts. He is one of that class of men so often described as "invincible in peace and invisible in war." His blood is warm enough and his heart is a good pump, but he suffers from an aggravated case of

chilled extremities. In his blood the white corpuscles of impulse are out of all proportion to the red corpuscles of repulse. The roadway of life often runs tortuous about hills and obstructions, but there are short stretches that are straight and have been won at the cost of much patient digging and doughty blasting. Mountains sometimes have to be mined, rivers flung aside, and morasses smothered to complete the course. This is the spirit of progress, of civilization, of success, and it always wins. God is not on the side of the heaviest battalion, but on the side of the stoutest heart.

Willie Wilts can stand anything but opposition. Dressed up within an inch of his life in the nattiest uniform, he has no power of offense and his only strength is in his retreat corps. Why is there so much mediocrity in the world? So much failure and poverty and crime? The answer contains two words only. Willie wilts.

Willie takes a position in some concern. 'At first everything is rosy and promising. Then the newness begins to wear off in spots. "His work is confining." "The boss is exacting." "He knows where he can get eleven cents more a day for less work." "A man that used to work there told him so and so." Immediately the little lime in Willie's backbone begins to turn to calf's foot jelly, his work slackens in quality, and the next

you learn is that Willie's chair is vacant with no poetry to commemorate the fact. Such a man always complains of hard luck. Hard fiddlesticks! He just didn't have the stuff in him to begin with. To paraphrase and make musical a homely but apt phrase, Willie was deficient in viscera. That is all.

It is the same way when prosperity comes to Willie Wilts. Good luck seems to defeat him as easily as bad fortune. Take a concrete example. Willie as usual had been in hard straits. Poor pay, corresponding to poor work offered; sickness in the family; that *omnium gatherum* of all misfortune, the high cost of living, had reduced Willie to a pretty low status. Here his friends stepped in, worked for him, got him a good place, pumped him full of oxygen and started him off. In about six months—we are describing Willie at his best—the oxygen wore off and then it became slop, slop, slop till the end. Willie was again out of a job with two rather conclusive items tacked up against his name, incompetence and dishonesty. He had never made so much money in his life before. He was in line for promotion. The sad historian writes again, "Willie wilts."

Just could not stand prosperity! With every inducement to do right, with every demonstration that right paves the smoothest road,

Willie Wilts had to cultivate his vices a bit, have his little fling and of course pay for it. There is human sympathy a-plenty, but it is hard to spare any for the likes of him. He is the bane of every kind-hearted person and the chief burden upon our taxes. If we could rent him out somewhere, hitch him to his work and appoint a conservator to dispense his earnings for the benefit of his dependents, it would solve the social problem. Shiftlessness, mental, moral, and social, is the sin of the world. Willie's tombstone will not be expensive, for two words will identify him and tell his story, "Willie wilts."

## II

### KIT KALAMITY

HIS nose is long and he can scent the four winds of heaven at one sniff. Trouble brewing anywhere in the Solar System sends its harbingers straight down the breezes to his beckoning sensibilities. He invites nothing so much as calamity and, strange to say, he dreads nothing so much as calamity. He is a fearful soul; always borrowing trouble, and never paying off any of the debt.

He dreads sickness, and so lives in the thought of it, that he is sick long before the illness arrives. If grippe is prevalent, he broods upon it; talks about it; prepares for it until the disease finds in him a chamber swept and garnished for its reception. Contagion is a hospitable sort of thing and will meet anybody more than half way.

I knew a woman once who in her new house had a room fixed up on the ground floor as a hospital. "You see I have everything ready in case some fearful accident should happen to one of my family and we should be unable to get the patient upstairs." If that is not "wishing" calamity on the family, I should like to know what

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it is. That woman ought to have had a sign on her front door, perpetually festooned with crêpe, bearing the legend "Sorrow Solicited."

Kit Kalamity is always fearing a nervous breakdown and consequently lives on the verge of collapse most of the time. The edge of a crater is an unhealthful place in which to pitch one's tent. Volcanic fumes lack oxygen, and are the bad humors of the grumbling within. Besides, there is a fearful fascination in looking over into the depths of Tartarus. One is strangely tempted to tumble in. This is just what happens with Kit. He saws upon his own nerves until he reduces them to fringes and frazzles.

Our nerves are nearly all located on the surface of our bodies, not to welcome the troubles but to drive them off. We are reversing the plan of nature when we use our sensibilities to draw troubles to us, rather than to warn ourselves of danger and to call out the reserves to beat them back. No sensible commander would invite the invading forces to dinner within the citadel and then expect them to depart peaceably. A horse is a useful animal, but a wooden horse filled with the enemy's soldiers is safer on the outside of a besieged city, as the people of Troy found out a long time ago.

Responsibility rests heavily upon Kit Kalamity. It is no idle task to run a business, or to "per-

sonally conduct" a family from infancy to maturity. Keeping the machinery of one's daily task oiled, is an artist's job. The daily swing from home cares to business and back again, cannot be made successfully on the motor-power of runaway nerves. Clothes and colic and colds, to say nothing of discipline and education, are enough to overwhelm anybody but a well-poised man.

There are, however, men and women too, who have lived through all this and who seemed to get a lot of fun out of it. But Kit Kalamity has let his cares trap him into fretfulness and his efforts come in gusts like a delayed March wind in May. He is like a man with the palsy trying to handle a glass of water—you never quite know whether it is going to be a drink or a bath. Petulance is always the sign, in man or woman, of a mind unpoised. No task is ever properly done by jerks.

It is very depressing to be for long in Kit Kalamity's society. He wears you out with his worry; he spatters blue over everything in sight; he makes your breath come in fitful starts; you have a horrible premonition of impending disaster.

What this good man needs, and all the members of his clan need, is to remember that this world, after all, is run by a pretty regular system of laws, and that it does no earthly good to try



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to hasten or to retard the normal programme. It is much wiser to get on the train decently and in order, than to jump on the cow-catcher. This latter device was specifically intended for other animals besides man, and one should be careful about cataloguing oneself. Fear is our arch-enemy, and like all enemies of the soul, is a slinking coward in the presence of well-poised and confident manhood and womanhood.

### III

## INTERRUPTIONS

IF the chart of your year shows two consecutive hours without interruption, your soul should be bathed in continual gratitude. Life is not only one variously described thing after another, but all things after you, and they land with sickening regularity upon your sensitive spot. Mrs. Huswif, for example, plans a quiet hour for evening up her correspondence, and this is what happens:

9 A. M. Telephone: "The greens are all gone. Shall I bring carrots?"

9.02. Daisy calls up to know if she can stay just 30 minutes longer.

9.03. Maid appears reporting total absence of butter in the larder.

9.05. Is father's laundry ready?

9.09. Jack appears, the throttle of his vocal apparatus pulled wide open and a cut finger streaming with about eight drops of blood.

9.11. Things again quiet and mother is framing a polite phrase to inscribe upon pink paper.

9.15. The man comes to paper the hall and, of course, no man ever knew about wall paper.

Thus it goes, and the result is that the letters

must be finished at odd moments during the course of the next week.

Mr. Huswif arrives at the office with a series of duties neatly arranged in his mind to be attacked in one, two, three order. And this is what happens:

9.30. Begins to dictate to stenographer.

9.33. Foreman reports that Bunk is drunk again. Shall he get another man or wait?

9.35. New York calls on the telephone.

9.39. Stenographer is reading to him the part of the letter already dictated. He finishes the letter.

9.41. Out of town customer wants to see him in person. He shows him over the plant.

12.30. Takes the customer out to lunch, just after mother has called to ask if he is coming home.

Thus the well laid plans are shattered into bits and the day's work gets done as best it may. Every busy life presents the same features, and there is little surprise at the alarming number of nervous prostrations.

But the fact that this condition is well-nigh universal ought to arrest our attention. Every busy man or woman tells the same story. Then, there must be a law of interruptions, and the secret of poise will lie not in the direction of changing the law but in adjusting ourselves to it. We cannot

successfully fight a law. When we obey a law it works for us. I know a dog that starts to howl every time the piano begins to play. He is spoiling both the music and his own nervous system. If he could only strike the key and sing, he would prevent both of these things.

We forget, too, that a jerky current cannot exist in a dead wire. It may shake up a few proper folks in a trolley-car, but it is comforting to know that the power is on. A stalled trolley never jerks. All the absolutely placid people are dead, whether they are in the cemetery or still walking around. Interruptions are the proof that business is going on. A banker, a butcher, or an editor without interruptions would soon swell the pauper list. If people let you alone, it is plain proof that it does not pay to have anything to do with you. Can you imagine an uninterrupted dentist or shoemaker or preacher out of the poor-house? The trees of the field wage incessant conflict with the forces that seek to interrupt their life, and the obstacles draw delicate music from the stream that runs to the sea. "Are ye not much better than they?"

It is a great thing to have something to give, and the many draughts upon our vitality show that we have power. To fret and fume shows that we are running out of "stuff."

One serious mistake ought to be guarded

against. Fragmentary efforts are not necessarily scattered and ineffective. You cannot add up your day's work by merely counting a series of disconnected efforts. That is only your side. The total result will include the other man's side too. For instance, my plans for this morning have been spoiled. Two telephone calls and a young man waiting to see me are responsible. The telephone conveyed information to two households which was comforting, and the young man is on the road to achieving a much desired object. That is a better plan than I had arranged for.

The truth is that we never can tell what succeeds and what fails. Just when we lose heart, a success rebukes us. Besides, they say that an electric current is only a quick succession of single explosions. It is comforting to know that in the great economy of nature our fragmentary efforts are woven by a master hand into currents of never-ending power.

## IV

### SEE IT THROUGH

THE bells ring all over the land, and the hum of schoolhouses modulate the tone of life into its C major. It is a bonny group that bends over its myriad desks, and the nation has a right to be proud and hopeful. From them will come the trained troop of leaders who will determine the quality of our varied national life in home, in factory, in halls of government, education, and philanthropy.

If I were permitted to have the ear of this splendid army of youth and aspiration, I should like to say several things.

First, remember what education is. It is not gorging the intellectual tract with facts. The human mind is not a sponge, but a boiler. Its main function is not only to absorb, but to distribute power. The acquiring of information is the primary function of all teachers, of course, even as the boiler will be useless without water. Mr. H. G. Wells has said in a recent book: "We want to invigorate and reinvigorate education. We want to create a sustained counter effort to the perpetual tendency of all educational

organizations toward classicalism, secondary issues, and the evasions of life."

That is precisely the point for both teachers and students, namely, the mere absorption of information is "the evasion of life."

Why load the gun at such pains, if we never bring down any game? Why so much learning if it only turns us to madness? The nation has a right to know what we are going to do with the knowledge we acquire. Of course all truths are not immediately useful. We can't talk Latin to the butcher, or demonstrate geometry to the man that brings the milk; but our knowledge of these things ought to improve our relations with the butcher, the milk man, and the candlestick maker.

Education is the culture of the human spirit for the tasks of life. Its ultimate end is not accretion of information, but the increment of power. The important question therefore for every student is not "Have I acquired the requisite knowledge?" but "Has the knowledge acquired given strength and agility to my spirit?" In other words, the world will ask not "How much do you know?" but "What manner of man or woman are you?" Remember, students all, school time is a training ground, the end of which is not tactics and technique, but militant marching. Degrees are but cheap decorations, unless they mark stages of soul advance.

It is a big thing to see that life does not come when schooling is over, but that the student period is life at its tensest and most impressionable stage. "When I get out into life," says the slovenly or tricky student, "I'll settle down and be reliable and clean and honest." Why, bless your heart, you are in life at its thickest right now, and the character you make in your school days will bless or dog your steps till the very end! That is why I would like to say another word: "See it through!" Don't be a quitter or a special pleader. Take things as they come and make the heroic best of them.

Here is a teacher whom you don't like. What of it? You sulk and loaf for that reason. Stop and look at yourself a minute. Whose education are you working for, your own or your teacher's? Who loses when you shirk? Certainly not the teacher. Are you going to work only for people you like? There would not be much work done if we all followed that plan. People work for the work's sake, and for the good that will accrue to them in the doing of it.

Besides, why wouldn't this be a good plan? Work so well for a "bad" teacher that you make the "bad" teacher work harder for you, and incidentally in the process perhaps each will gain respect for the other. Don't mix your motives. You are not working for the teacher. You are



getting knowledge and character out of your study, and you will get more of both if you conquer the difficulties in the way.

Then, the "tough" subjects! You don't like Latin? Humph! heard that before! Trigonometry and chemistry? Well, they are not exactly easy. What are you going to do about them? One thing for mercy's sake don't do — don't drop anything. It is a confession and a surrender, and you not only lose the subject but you lose in moral fiber. Moreover, you need to reflect that the hard thing is the thing you need. If you like Greek or Physics you are not likely to need the training these things give you, so much as you would if you disliked them. Take the difficult subject by the throat and master it and the strength of that victory will go into your soul forever.

You may not in after life use the information in a given subject, but you will always have need for the character you acquire in mastering it. Education and life are identical in this, that each is the overcoming of obstacles. Don't give it up. Don't make patchwork of your culture. Every subject contributes something special to the mind. And when the few short years of schooling are over you will find yourself an all-round man or woman, and that is what the world needs badly. See it through!

## V

### CALEB COMFY

HE is descended in a straight but untitled line, from the Apostle Barnabas, "the Son of Comfort." He is broad-shouldered and big of heart and, wherever he goes, drooping causes begin to look up and take heart. Caleb Comfy stands on the high road of life at the point where the tangled footpath of Despair wriggles its way across. His business in life seems to be to cheer the discouraged traveler and to point out the straight road.

Many a weary and footsore pilgrim has been sorely tempted to turn aside and to leave the trodden and sunbaked highway, but a few moments with Caleb have brought better thoughts and higher resolves. "Why do you turn aside?" he asks. "The road is so hard and my feet are sore," replies the discouraged one. "Do you not know," says Caleb, "that the hard road is the best? Many feet that have passed on, have packed it solid and safe for those that come after. Do you not know that men sink in soft ways and are lost?"

Caleb Comfy has built himself "a house by the side of the road" and is a "friend to man." His sympathy is wonderful and he is always at home. It takes so little to make him understand and before you have gone far with your story, you feel that he is partner with you in your problem. His resources seem endless and he has a thousand ways to suggest out of your difficulty. There is a positive magic in his personality that changes all your standpoints before you know it. The bad things in your situation that looked so big to you get shifted about, until they look small beside the good things which you thought so little.

The charm of his influence is that he makes you see yourself first, and then he makes you see your problem in its right light. He is so human himself that he understands human nature without effort. He has the marvelous faculty of pointing you out to yourself without for a moment seeming to judge you. He sees your mistakes and he makes you see them, and the next moment he gets out with you to correct them.

Caleb Comfy does not thrust his hand into the rent of your garment; he whips out his needle and thread.

Men in distress always look in the direction of their troubles. Their gaze becomes fixed and soon they see nothing else but their misfortunes. A single cloud in the sky makes the whole heaven

overcast. Every day you can see umbrellas up while the sun is shining.

Caleb Comfy has a way of turning your back to the cloud and you are amazed to find how much fine weather there is. Your cloud becomes an item only in the horizon. He lessens your problem by bringing your forgotten resources to bear upon it. He makes you see that a failure is not a defeat, but a means of education. He shows you that you learn more by an examination which you did not pass than by the one you managed to get through. We begin to grow when we find out the things we do not know.

No analysis, however, can explain Caleb Comfy. He is just a great, generous, helpful soul to whom you instinctively turn. He never preaches, he never rails, he never impresses you with his superior knowledge. He makes you feel that he is with you right or wrong, and he wants to see you succeed. Caleb Comfy is found in all walks of life. Business men are not all after the dollar alone. I was shown a few years ago the private office of one of our greatest New York financiers. I was told that many a young business man had been steadied in that little room.

Many a young doctor has told his troubles to Caleb Comfy, M.D., and been saved to a useful career. It was Rev. Caleb Comfy that pointed out the way to a discouraged and unsuccessful

schoolmaster by the name of Phillips Brooks. Happy is that pastor who has Deacon Caleb Comfy on his board to sustain and to support him in his difficult work.

The world does not need more advice or more judgment — it does need more friends like Caleb Comfy.

## VI

### TIMOTHY TOADY

SOMETIMES he is rich and sometimes he is not, but always he has his eye on the main chance, and orders all his conduct so as to land among the leeks and onions. At college he was told that in order to win an election to a certain exclusive fraternity, he must cut his acquaintance with certain "ordinary persons," and even though this necessitated his being boorish to some of the best men, he promptly obeyed orders and gained his end. Self-interest is a bauble and a cheat. It is always bought with the hard coin of self-respect and the respect of friends. Timothy Toady always gets there, but when he arrives there is little left in him of the solid elements of character.

Timothy Toady is a mushroom growing upon the dung-hill of recently acquired wealth, and is listed among the fungi as a "climber." Nobody but a fool despises wealth, but even a fool must laugh at the antics of a fellow-fool who is trying to rise by climbing upon the shifting piles of his own dollars. It is a sad commentary upon a certain section of American society that he is so often successful in his efforts to land in its midst.

Timothy Toady has acquired his wealth by honest effort and homely virtue, and it seems a pity that he should so soon come to despise these effective means of success. It is queer enough when a man comes to prefer being rated by his dollars, rather than by his virtues. It becomes positively incomprehensible when what he has gained by thrift he should invest by folly. The spending of money often gives the lie to the getting of it. The same virtue exercised in acquiring honest wealth, may be depended upon for the spending of it.

Timothy Toady, and I regret to say his wife also, are trying to forget how their money was made. Since their aspirations have ceased to be financial and now become social, it really does not sound well to be called the "Mastodon of Matches" or the "Prince of Pickles." I knew a young man at college whose father had made his fortune in pickles. It was a heavy cross to the boy to be reminded of the source of the family wealth, but college boys are not particularly merciful and they lost no time in dubbing him "Pickle Dawson." At commencement Dawson's humiliation came as, surrounded by a group of the élite fair, the class historian bawled out the exploits of "Pickle Dawson." The trouble was not with the pickles at all, but with the boy.

An honest pickle is more to be desired than a foolish boy. If my father had been able to build

a fortune and set up a family dynasty upon the foundation of every-day cucumbers, I should put a pickle on my coat of arms.

Are there after all, such great disparities among the products of wealth? Which is best, the commodity, the railroad that hauls it, or the shares that may be manipulated? If anything the producer and the carrier have more on their side than the broker. The question is not, What did you get it with? but How did you get it?

Mr. and Mrs. Toady having made their way in spite of everybody, are now beginning to look wistfully in the direction of the Somebodies in society. Mention the name of a prominent social leader, and both of them sigh and raise their eyes to the ceiling as if they were saying a paternoster. It is really pathetic, and I think, somewhat laudable too. They realize what they have not had, and are naturally ambitious to acquire it. They are merely reaching out for finer fellowships than they have known, and that is what all of us ought to be doing.

The pathos lies in their conception of how they shall arrive. Extravagance and "splurge" are vulgar and can only purchase the fellowship of vulgarity. The attempt to buy fellowship, which is a gift of God, with money, always leaves the purchaser in the gall of bitterness, as the Scripture saith. Of what profit is it to fill your draw-



ing-room with the "Four Hundred," and then have them smile at your awkwardness and your crudeness? How much better would it be to expend what we get by rule of the same virtues which acquired it. Men, by service to their fellows, can purchase to themselves a better degree, than by any sort of cheap social politics.

Timothy Toady has plenty of hard common sense, and here's hoping that it will help him to gain the right constituency.

## VII

### LUTHER LOYAL

SOME names are baptismally prophetic — they seem at birth to promise what actually comes true. All babies look alike to the love that bears, and yet, what a deal of poetic tragedy is discovered when Willie turns out to be a hulking giant, or Aristides a grafting judge! “Luther” for stoutness of courage and “Loyal” for trueness of spirit! Luther Loyal is a monument of fulfilled prophecy. In him, name and character answer each other in perfect antiphony.

Place him where you will, Luther is loyal. From the moment of his appointment, he becomes a necessary wheel in the enterprise. He works so smoothly that nobody considers him a wheel to be oiled. From the first, the enterprise seems to be the thing and not his place in it. He so magnifies his office that the business and not himself instantly grows larger. It sounds like a paradox, but Luther thinks so much of his part of the work, that he diverts attention from himself to the work as a whole.

When he took his first job he seemed to say,

"I am going to do my work as a clerk, so that people will have more respect for the concern." His success shows conclusively that there is such a thing as losing one's life in one way, and finding it in a better way. Salvation of all kinds is ultimately vicarious. People who lay down their lives for any cause whatsoever, always get them back greatly enriched.

You can explain Luther Loyal in two words. He is spiritually efficient. I mean that his spirit is efficient. We hear a good deal these days about efficiency, physical and mental efficiency. Experts can reduce the seven motions in an industrial operation to two. Odd-time universities are going forward in every city and hamlet, so there is no excuse if worker folk remain ignorant. When, however, you add up all the items of body and mind, you are still far short of the human total. You may have all the parts of an automobile assembled and the engine running, but it makes a heap of difference who is at the wheel. The spirit is to the man what the chauffeur is to the automobile. Inefficiency at the wheel explains all the wrecks.

At the heart of spiritual efficiency is loyalty: loyalty to God, loyalty to self, loyalty to one's work in the world. You may give a man the utmost skill of body and brain, but if he have not loyalty, it profiteth nothing. A man's skill is the

sword of his spirit, and it is a matter of deep concern to himself and to others, how he wields it.

Ask any activity the world over what it lacks and the answer will be "loyalty." Business, politics, education, religion, fraternity, art, all suffer from the disloyalty that sees the selfish interest and does not comprehend the whole. Employers and employes think only of their respective shares of the profit; professors laboring to place their departments on the throne of the universe, toward which all other departments shall do academic obeisance; this or that reform projected by State or Church, or Art, halted in mid-course by petty jealousy, childish strife or silly conceit. Open the heart of disloyalty and you will always find selfishness. And that is all the sin there is in this wicked world: selfishness and unsociality, and what a leprous brood has come forth from its sexless loins!

Disloyalty is an inveterate sophist, and the spiritually inefficient can always render a reason. Men will not, they say, be loyal in their work until the conditions of work are ideal. Wages and surroundings must be right! In the name of all the heroes at once, is there anywhere on earth an ideal job? Ask the statesman. Are his nation and his party with him? Did Lincoln have even his friends with him in the trying 60's? Ask any reformer or artist. Would they have worked so

well but for the very difficulties? Ask any progressive preacher of the Kingdom of God on earth. Do his deacons pat him on the back or his people applaud always? Certainly not, and nobody expects them to. If difficulties were all removed from before human effort, there would be no more heroes. Luther Loyal knows the obstacles, but he makes them work for him, not against him. He knows well enough the joy of looking back on an obstacle with infinite complacency, and he knows how to look forward to his work, as

One who never turned his back  
But marched breast forward;  
Never doubted clouds would break,  
Never dreamed though right were worsted  
Wrong would triumph; held we fall  
To rise, are baffled to fight better,  
Sleep to wake.

## VIII

### CHRIS. CROSS

IN the Senate of his peers, Christopher Cross sits permanently with the Opposition. Governments rise and fall, parties come and go, but Chris. Cross changeth not, for he is the perpetual Opposition. Whatever the issue and whatever the policy proposed, he is consistently and immovably the Great Objector. His two deadly instruments are his conscience and his mind, and he unsheaths them both with fatal results. "Must not a man think? And who but a coward would refuse to back up his convictions?" These are the questions he will hurl at you, as he shambles with glaring eye, criss-cross over your tenderest sensibilities. It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of a conscientious ignoramus, for he wields the blunt instrument of ignorance with all the passion of a crusader.

The single mistake which Christopher makes is that he does not allow to others what he claims for himself. It would be a revelation to him to be told that other people have convictions and consciences as well as he, and that it is often as brave a thing to defer to the wisdom of others

as it is to force his own judgment upon them. He has a horror of mental and moral weakness but he often exhibits this very quality in his own narrowness and obstinacy. The ram that butts and the mule that stalls may not be as courageous as the eagle that shifts.

Chris. Cross is found in every organization of people. Almost every church knows him. He is the one person thought of when any move is proposed. "How will it strike Brother Chris.?" "Will he approve it?" "How shall we fix it so as to get around his objections?"

It is more than likely that more energy is wasted in planning to sidestep Chris. Cross than it would take to work out the details of many good plans. He is an objector, a quibbler, a reactionary and his influence is limited by his power of starting a row. He acts upon the joyous spirit of progressive work like the awful motto that used to hang on our Sunday school wall: "Thou, God, Seest Me!" It was terrible to think of! According to the theology of the day, God was always angry with somebody; and to think that he was looking down on us all the time! Good gracious, it was awful!

In every discussion, Chris. Cross gets in sideways and jams the stream. To get him to appreciate the niceties of the argument is like trying to pass a fat man through a barbed-wire fence. His

loose and ill-draped intellectual trousers cannot get through without a snag, and a snapshot of Christopher stuck fast in the middle of things, with a wicked smile on his face, would represent his exact attitude toward the sum of men and things.

It seems more than probable that Chris. Cross enjoys the function he exercises. Perhaps it is his only means of securing recognition. It must be a source of real satisfaction to reflect upon the power one has to do harm. To walk by store windows and realize what a single brick-bat will do! To visit art galleries and ponder upon the influence of a hammer and a bucket of whitewash!

Of course, there must be some justification for the existence of such as Chris. Cross. We think of him as we do of certain animals whose usefulness in nature is not quite clear. It must, however, be a queer sort of career to produce in one's fellows a series of sighs in life, and at the end, one unanimous and heartfelt sigh of relief.



## IX

### THE MAN IN THE AUDIENCE

I WATCHED him from where I sat at the Commencement exercises. His appearance was that of a man of large affairs. His head was well set upon his shoulders, and the expression of his face indicated that his judgment was often sought and followed. There was an air of quiet dignity and seriousness — almost sadness — that spoke plainly enough of a life of responsibility, and that made him seem older than his fifty years. The lines of his face and the set of his jaw made a sort of harmony in contrast with the kindly, rather tired-looking expression of the eyes. Here, quite evidently, was a man of strength not easily swayed by insufficient or sentimental considerations, and yet withal a kindly man, a man of deeps, if one could but find them.

Something about the man attracted me. It may have been his resemblance to a man just now prominent in the public eye; my next neighbor noticed the resemblance at once. I rather think it was his eyes that fixed me, so that I found myself watching him now and then as the exercises went for-

ward. Perhaps he was not well, for the eyes of a man at fifty tell secrets the mouth will not confess; perhaps his busy life had dimmed the light of his eyes with too much knowledge of men; perhaps there was a touch of disenchantment in his expression. Thus I speculated each of the many times my covert gaze was drawn to his face. The man fascinated me. I could see nobody else in the great audience, and yet I had never seen him before.

All this that I have been describing was the effect of the man's face in repose. I began to imagine that he was a banker, for I could see how cold and grim that face could become when opposition was forced from him. Somebody once said that Admiral "Bob" Evans had a face cleared for action. So had this man — but his batteries were masked.

The Commencement address was finished. There was no change on the man's face. He had listened intelligently and intently like any other gentleman. The president of the college arose to read the lists of graduates in the various schools. The man slightly altered his position, very slightly, and his look was a trifle more intent. Several groups of names were then read and finally the president said: "I will ask the men who take degrees in the academic department to come to the platform." The man in the audience straight-

ened up and his gaze grew keener. Evidently this was the group in which he was interested.

The men formed upon the platform, and the names were read one by one. I saw the man's face grow sterner about the mouth, then his eyes took on a wonderful expression that quite conquered the sternness of the mouth, and as the president read "James Anthony Hawkworth," the inner heart of the man so long kept under control, had its way and a furtive gesture brushed away the tears. Then I understood, and I turned away my head, for the place whereon I stood was holy ground. That was his son, his boy, for whom he had toiled and prayed, his boy who had come through successfully after all the years of waiting.

It was a beautiful, an awful sight, and I wondered how many boys and girls there are who know what it costs to love in this way. The sacrifice, the planning, the scrimping in order that they might have a chance. This president referred to above, told me that nothing touched him so much as the sight of the fathers and mothers of the students who bore in their appearance the evidences of the struggle they were making. And all they ever ask of us, their children, is that we should be just good men and good women. Isn't it wonderful, and do we ever in this life appreciate it?

## X

### PHILIP FLABBY

A GRIP of his arm shows you plainly that his body is sound enough. There is no trouble with Philip's flesh, and yet that is the whole trouble. His moral muscle is flabby. "A sound mind in a sound body" is not the whole story by any means. The body may be symmetrically developed, the mind may by persistent activity develop keenness and breadth, and yet the spirit which is compound of both, may be as flabby and as fat as cherubic infancy. Intellectual brilliancy and perfect physical development can make a typical pagan as well to-day, as in the period of the Roman Decline. Personality is the intangible compound of which body and mind are only two of the ingredients. It is in the coffers of the soul where a man's ultimate treasures must be counted.

Philip Flabby has had the best advantages. At school and college he gave brilliant promise. On the field and in the class-room, he made his steady way to prominence and when he began his life in the world of effort, prophecy sent him far along the road to distinction. It is sad to recount that the prophecy has not been fulfilled, and the strange

thing is that nobody seems to know why. Philip himself may not be aware of the causes of his failure. There is no lack of ambition, apparently. There seems to be no suspicion of intellectual laziness, and it is quite certain that he possesses the faculty of making friends. Nevertheless, all the people who know him have the settled feeling that Philip Flabby has not arrived. He is frankly a disappointment.

Philip Flabby lacks moral earnestness. He does not become interested in things. He is built like a canal boat to be pulled through placid waters from lock to lock. A vessel for conquest must be built for battering and a sight of the "Fram" or the "Roosevelt" stirs the blood of adventure. The finest thing that could be said about a lawyer or a doctor, is that all his cases are causes. A "case" may call for a little routine attention — a "cause" demands the investment of a man. It is a high ideal but there are numerous men who aspire to it, that of treating the incidents of business or professional life seriously.

The story is told of Dr. Bull, the great New York surgeon, that he was called from his bed one night to an East Side home where a woman lay in a precarious condition. Taking two assistants he went at once and on examination found that an operation must be done immediately.

For hours he put his whole soul into the effort to save the woman's life, and was successful. The husband, a Russian Jew, and very poor, said to him: "I thank you, doctor, for saving my wife's life, and I am going to give you every cent I have." Whereupon he handed the surgeon fifty cents. Dr. Bull took the money, bowed like the gentleman he was, thanked the man for the fee, and went away satisfied. To him the ultimate reward was the service he rendered and the output it called for.

Philip Flabby is a fine engine with a small fire-box. It does not seem possible to get up much steam, and people are coming to understand that an engine ought to draw and not to be pushed.

A man like Philip Flabby is a natural Epicurean. The world is to be enjoyed, not to be taken too seriously. Sensation is the end of all being and idealism is wholly impractical. A writer recently described a well-known novelist in these words: "To reflect the beauty of the world in the mirror of five senses, immense and profound — there is contained the essential spirit of D'Annunzio's creed."

Flesh-pots and flabbiness always spell failure.

## XI

### RELIGION AND BUSINESS

A MAN's religion is his business. A man's business is his religion. When a man's religion cannot take shape in a definite policy and programme, there is every reason to suspect that it doesn't amount to much. Religion begins in ideas, progresses to feelings, and ends in action. You may be absolutely sure that if your religion stops anywhere on the road between thought and action, it is lying in a morgue somewhere waiting to be identified. It certainly is not religion at all, and only awaits the verdict of the coroner to tell what it is. The true representation of Religion is a plodding man holding aloft, like a torch, an idea on fire. Here is illumination and effort — and without this combination there is no Religion.

A man's religion is not merely mental or spiritual illumination, neither is business all effort. I agree with Theodore Roosevelt in one thing, anyhow. He hates the saying: "Business is business." So do I. That tenet is an anæsthetic. It drugs the conscience into deadness. To say that business is "to get there" by any route whatever, is to sign the moral creed of the burglar and the

confidence man. To say that "results" regardless of means is the trade code, is to slander the majesty of Merchanthood. Every decent merchant in these days gives the lie to such a foul accusation. Men now know that business progress to-day is Righteousness. Dishonesty, lying, misrepresentation, trickery, half-truth, short-cuts, inconsiderateness of competitor and of consumer — all these are bad business pure and simple.

It is not so much that the Ten Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount, and the Penal Code have driven men to this position. It is rather that actual, everyday experience has forced the business world back upon great essential principles. If "Ivory Soap" does not float, neither will the "Ivory Soap Business." Business is done by ideas as much as by men and methods. Therefore a man's business is his religion. It is a practical programme illuminated by ideas aflame. The lantern is on the inside as well as on the outside of the delivery wagon.

This fact explains why the most practical section of our modern life has produced the most eloquent and persistent preachers now before the public. A Board of Trade, or a Publicity Association could meet with perfect propriety in any church in the land. It could without the slightest sacrilege be opened with prayer and close with the Doxology. [These men are preaching high



ideas as the motive force of successful money getting, and bless me if I don't believe that the Millennium is pulling up into the eastern sky. I cannot tell you the satisfaction it is to a preacher to hear these practical men taking our formulas right out of our mouths. And we used to hear that all preachers were visionaries! Isn't it great to see business men going in whole sections into the ministry? Now I see what the church means by the "Regular" and the "Secular" clergy. Here, brethren, by the authority vested in me by the sense of Right in all mankind, I extend to you the right hand of fellowship.

A great double movement has been going on right under our eyes. The practical people have driven the religious people to set their ideas to work in definite deeds. They have kept telling the churches that faith without works is dead, and the churches have acted as never before. Religion has become practical. On the other hand, the prophets of the age have forced the business world back upon moral and spiritual ideas, and their slogan has been "works without faith are dead." Religion has been pushed forward into a programme of action. Business has been pushed back upon Religion.

In both spheres, as I once heard a prominent publicity man say, the dominant factor is Person-

ality. Make the man what he ought to be, and business will boom. In Religion and in Business we are getting the sand out of the grocer's sugar and putting it into his crop.

## XII

### PETER PETTY

PETER PETTY is a good lens with a perpetually bad focus. He has a fatal way of magnifying little things and minifying big things. He is like a child who puts the microscope on the stars and the telescope on near objects. The appreciation of nature, which is science, and the appraisal of life, which is philosophy, are both based upon proportion. Big things must be seen in a big way, little things must be measured along their proper diameters. All things must be seen in their relation to each other.

Peter Petty grasps a tiny item by the throat, draws it close up to his eye, and thus blots from his vision the total horizon and all its contents. He is blissfully unaware of the fact that he is choking the item to death and strangling the scenery at the same moment.

Peter Petty always puts his negligee shirts in one drawer and his dress shirts in another. When by some sinister chance, his wife gets one where the other ought to be, his whole anatomy begins operations like unto those of the famous Jennings on the coaching line. He frets, fumes,

whines, froths and shouts all at once, and a passerby might conclude from the noises that a private insane retreat was near at hand. "Why can't people let things alone?" "What in Samuel Hill is the use of trying to keep anything in order?" These and other less choice ejaculations uttered with "bromide" stupidity and "sulphide" vigor, serve to reveal the fog which has enveloped everything in the world except his misplaced shirt.

Peter Petty does not like carrots, while the rest of the family do. He has been known to remark upon the delicate flavor of carrots, while dining away from home, however. Once in a while a tiny bit of carrot shows its guilty head in an otherwise delicious stew. Peter at once is unleashed. He trains his microscope upon it. "Is this carrot? Why in the name of all culinary art, it is not possible to have one meal in this house without carrots, I simply cannot conceive. The flavor is pungent and disagreeable, and spoils everything. I verily believe you will have carrot ice cream next. Please remember that I particularly request that you lay a bunch of carrots on my breast when I am laid out in my coffin." All this lends a peculiar zest to the meal and exhibits the microscopic soul of Peter.

Like all men who see details instead of principles, Peter is a petty boss. He sees only one way

to control, and that is by specific command. His will is law, no matter how much better for him and all concerned somebody else's judgment may be. He is one of the class of people who can command the service of his associates without securing their wisdom and their loyalty. His pigmy dignity rejects conference, and he consequently sits on his little three-legged stool, the laughing stock of observers.

While Peter Petty's perspective is uniformly bad, people have the right focus on him. They all see his bumptious importance quite clearly. Sometimes they smile, sometimes they scowl, always they are disgusted. Tut! Tut! Peter Petty! Forget your huff and puff! And remember that he that loseth his dignity shall find it.

## XIII

### BILLY BLUNT

THE coat of arms of the Blunt family consists of a meat-ax dexter and two brick-bats sinister on a field of green. The device reveals the chief characteristics of the ancient and numerous clan and Billy Blunt is in the direct line of succession. He always lands feet-first in every conversation and the corners of his personality bump everything in the course of his orbit. To him polish is snobbery and good manners effeminacy. He is a plain man and honest and he sees no reason why he may not reveal his innermost thought and say his frankest word on all occasions. Timeliness and tact are to him evidences of weakness, and brutality is the proof of sincerity.

It doesn't matter what the subject is, Billy Blunt speaks his mind with unvarying impartiality. He is fair in his way to every subject and to every person, for he utters his convictions on them all without bias and without hesitation. He speaks with equal sureness of the patch on his shirt, the new State charter, and the nebular hypothesis. He sees straight and he announces the final verdict on the first view, and for him the matter is

henceforth closed. It would take his own meat-ax to open the subject again, but as he usually uses the butt-end of that instrument, it has hitherto been found impracticable to bring any new light to bear.

You always know where to find Billy Blunt. Nobody is ever left in doubt on this subject. Follow the line of people nursing black eyes, bumped shins and bruised ribs and you will speedily come upon his Bluntness in full sail, bowling things aside in historic fashion.

Billy Blunt is a kind-hearted man. He never leaves you in suspense for a moment. He thinks quickly and acts at the same moment, and there is no awful waiting for the blow to descend. The family brick-bat hits you immediately—the meat-ax descends with all its conviction and you know the worst at once. There is no rack or thumb-screw about the process at all—it is short, sharp and decisive, and Billy is ready for the next victim before you can beg for mercy.

Billy Blunt's motives are all good. He is the last man who thinks of hurting a single soul. His honesty and directness have often brought him into the midst of other people's needs and he is as prompt to help as he is to swing his ax. Many a time he has split a subject wide open at a single blow and knocked the daylight into a lot of stupid people who could not see the point. He has put

heart into many timid people who dared not speak out. He has cracked many a hard nut, even if it has taken others to separate the meat from the fragments.

Billy Blunt lacks only symmetry. He has courage and honesty and good intentions, and he would as soon joust at a windmill as at a mounted enemy. The trouble is that he has a long nose for things that are wrong and is near-sighted to the things that are good. To Billy Blunt courage is the quality that prompts only attack — never prompts sympathetic approval. He is great on bumps, but short on boosts. The cates and ale of Donnybrook Fair are invisible to him — his one ideal is "Wherever you see a head, hit it!"

Billy Blunt would do well to read every morning "The Fool's Prayer," by E. R. Sill, in which these lines occur:

These clumsy feet still in the mire,  
Go crushing blossoms without end;  
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust  
Among the heart-strings of a friend.  
The ill-timed truth we might have kept,  
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?  
The word we had not sense to say,  
Who knows how grandly it had rung!



## XIV

### THE STRAIGHT LINE

As commonly suggested by the mathematics books, a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. Of course, there is no such thing in reality as a line, for a line has only length and our poor heads can only imagine that we imagine such a thing. Nor is a straight line any less of an abstraction. Still, for all practical purposes we can go pretty straight from one point to another, straight enough at least to saw a board and build a house and lay a railroad track.

The purpose is one point and the goal is the other and the problem of life is to connect these by the shortest line possible. A mathematically straight line will often miss the goal entirely. To go at things hammer and tongs only drives them infinitely away. Impulsiveness and brusqueness register more defeats than victories. Amorous knights have been known to seize their lady-loves, throw them across the pommels of their saddles and gallop away into the wilderness of unending bliss, but that does not happen regularly. Most ladies like to be taken by assault, but a short siege is a good preliminary.

Short-cuts to education usually end in short-cut education and quackery. Short-cuts in business usually lead across lots to jail. A vertical ladder from a lower to a higher social sphere makes a rather dizzy climb and some have been known to tumble.

Nevertheless, in the activities of life it is a shrieking heresy to declare that the shortest distance from purpose to goal is on the crookedest possible line that joins them. In business, in politics, in law, in church and philanthropic endeavor, we are so bound about with red-tape that we often resemble an ancient Israelitish infant in swaddling clothes. In order to get the simplest thing done, John must see Henry, Henry must see Peter, Peter must interview Nebuchadnezzar, who will call his committee, which will consult with the President, who will call a meeting of the directors, who will consult counsel, before anybody dares crook a finger. Meanwhile the baby in swaddling clothes has grown to a man (by a miracle) and is bound hand and foot with grave-clothes, headed straight for the tomb of Lazarus.

Business men demand in their employés intelligence and initiative and yet they often prevent these very qualities, by the foolish red-tape with which they surround them. Of course everybody cannot be a free lance, but somebody must take responsibility and that responsibility ought to

carry with it a good measure of freedom. A wise firm may best show its leadership sometimes, by following the leadership of some efficient employé. A. T. Stewart and Marshall Field succeeded because they knew how to select competent leaders in their business.

Foolish sensitiveness about his little prerogatives, makes many a man stand squarely in his own light. If the business succeeds, who cares what particular man gets the credit? Ought not an employer or a committee to be as proud over the possession of a competent leader, as over their own accomplishments? One of the most tiresome things in the world is to have an idea and know exactly how it can be swiftly carried out, and then to be obliged to use up six months in the effort to get it into somebody's thick head without his discovering that you put it there. Such a course is an unmerited tribute to stupidity. Zigzagging across the course may be pleasant exercise, but it is a poor way to win a race.

With full allowance for tact, patience and wisdom, it will always be stupid to try to arrive at a point due north by striking a course due south. The longest way around is not the shortest way home. There is a straighter line between purpose and result than we often draw.

## XV

### SIR GALAHAD

My good blade carves the casques of men,  
My tough lance thrusteth sure,  
My strength is as the strength of ten,  
Because my heart is pure.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend  
On whom their favors fall;  
For them I battle till the end,  
To save from shame and thrall.

— Tennyson.

DON QUIXOTE's ineffectual tilt at the windmill, along with the bruises it brought, was a death-thrust to ancient chivalry. The old order of knighthood, with its impossible Dulcineas, its stilted and sentimental knights-errant, its fantastic code and crashing combats, was literally "smiled away" by the great satire of Cervantes. Since the early seventeenth century when Don Quixote appeared, the age of science has intervened and we have grown very matter-of-fact. The taper-lights of investigation have grown into a fierce glare that leaves no smallest detail hid.

"Seeing things as they are" is a deceptive

phrase, for an object is not the sum of its details. Is not a flower more than the sum of all the parts? Here Botany and Geometry cross swords and Art must be the Arbiter. Too much light upon a painting of a landscape may turn poetry into prose, sentiment of the whole into sense of the part. Nature and her handmaiden, Art, paint their finest pictures with half-lights and shadows, and the wonder comes from the impression of what is concealed.

It was well that Don Quixote should destroy the false in chivalry, but even he was not a rationalist in manners. It takes imagination to turn a windmill into a giant. As for ourselves these latter days, we have no imagination, and it is time that Sir Galahad came back to earth with his high ideals and his holy sentiment. Our modern world needs a conviction of sin for its bluntness and brusqueness, and badly needs a revival of good manners. Children are no longer respectful to their parents or their elders, because we have lost the art of discipline without the familiarity that brings contempt. In discovering the child, psychologically and educationally, we have lost all the rest of the population, and the child makes the most of that fact. He always plunges *in medias res*, interrupts conversations, invades all decencies at will, and his "yes" and "no" are as abrupt as the crack of a whip.

Many a guest has devoutly wished that Herod the Great had issued his famous decree concerning infants somewhat later than he did.

The modern Sir Galahad is the soul of knight-hood, and combines gentleness with militant strength. His manners are courtly but not fulsome. He has much of the small coin of courtesy, but not a single counterfeit can be found among them. With women he is responsive without foppishness; knows how to receive and to pay a compliment without hypocrisy; never in the fencing of conversation, thrusts unfairly; always leaves the impression of a gentle, pure manhood upon those who know him. He never confounds strength with boorishness, does not believe that a diamond is any less valuable for being polished.

In the little offices of every-day life, Sir Galahad is distinguished. The matter-of-fact world gapes at him and then smiles. He removes his hat if there are ladies in the elevator, and he lets them pass out before him. He even removes his hat, and asks his stenographer if she objects to smoking, when he calls her for dictation. It is a habit with him to assist women in public conveyances, and he has been known to carry a baby in his arms during a railway journey to relieve a tired mother.

Frankly, the practical man, with which this age is cursed, scorns Sir Galahad. They think him

affected and effeminate. That is why one of them with the very practical end of taking the only seat ahead of a lady, remembers a certain grip on his collar and a retrogressive jerk that landed him in the rear of the column. To this day that practical man recalls vividly Sir Galahad's face and his two words: "Ladies first!"

It may be, because women have insisted so long that they should be treated in some spheres the same as men, that men have concluded to do this in all respects. Certain it is that women young and old do not demand of men the respect and chivalry their grandmothers did. There is an amazing familiarity between the sexes in these days that brings in its train, among many tragedies, this the greatest, that men are less manly toward women to-day than a generation ago.

The modern Sir Galahad refuses to permit woman to reduce herself to her lowest terms. His heart is pure in that he preserves his ideal of womankind. All his finer sensibilities are enwrapped in this ideal, and he will not exchange his poetry for either business or biology. He remembers his mother, and the tradition of his own family, and in the lists of life he is conscious of "the great cloud of witnesses" beckoning him to deeds of chivalry. Coarse men of affairs call Sir Galahad sentimental, but God help this staggering old world when sentiment dies out of it!

## XVI

### THE BOY

**" THEN the ear."**

This quotation is a part of the ancient saying, "First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." It represents in form that is scientific and poetic at once, the process of growth in all living things. The first manifestations of life are always fascinating. The beginnings are so miraculous. The bursting of life from dead soil seems almost like an original act of creation before our very eyes, and we watch its progress with a strange and acquiescent delight. We do not think so much of what we will do for it, as what it will do for us. It has the right of way and we will do any amount of humoring just to see what new form it will take.

That is why the baby in our home generally dictates terms to the whole household. Its business in life is to be amused and our chief business with the baby is to educe new motions and new characteristics. After a time, however, the child comes into possession of its peculiar birthright of self-consciousness and the next stage in its development is reached.



“Then the ear”— This describes the period of immaturity in which the full-grown man exists only in potentiality. That ear is unripe, green and bitter, all its virtues in the state of formation, and proportions hopelessly mixed. Nothing is quite so unlovely and so unsocial as unripe fruit of any sort. Viewed as an end in itself it is worse than useless, a pain and a sorrow to all who touch it. Viewed as a stage in the process from immaturity to maturity, it is not only necessary, but an unfolding wonder. Men do not rail at orchards heavy-hanging with their green burdens. They loosen the soil about their roots, give place to moisture and to sunshine and wait patiently. In the fullness of time, out of the chaos of growing, comes the glory of golden harvest.

Men grow like God's other living things, and the period of immaturity is long and trying. The “human plant” should have at least as good tending as other plants. Our boys and girls in their teens are traversing the most difficult stage of their journey toward maturity. All the ingredients of the ripened product are there, but in confused flux. Substances are slow to form into permanent substance, and often explosions occur that are well-nigh fatal. Waywardness is not the sign of original sin or of total depravity, but of the violent mixing of the elements. Passion in young

people is often misdirected parenthood, and crime is but life beating through the barriers.

What growing humanity needs is what growing plants need, a chance to express itself normally. That is why we prune and dig and let in the sunshine, and our reward comes in the unfolding of flower and fruit after their kind. We often forget this in our treatment of young people. We use the method of suppression while nature's way is expression. We lecture and scold, while nature persuades and saturates with sunlight.

There are no bad boys. They are either cramped or misdirected. We cut off the "shoots" and bigger ones grow in their places. Try to stop the wriggling and giggling, and somebody will get stabbed with a pin or get a bottle of ink down his neck. Run the vitality into the right channels. Hitch the power on to the proper machinery and you will get a product to be proud of. The boy who is bent on killing Indians may be taught to become a valiant knight against all forms of evil. The gangster has only misinterpreted and misapplied the social instinct. The love of brute strength in the growing boy easily becomes a passion for moral achievement in the ripened man.

All the elements of splendid maturity are present in varying proportions in every boy and in every girl. The problem is largely one of un-

folding. Supply the right atmosphere and the evolution will take its natural course.

One of the saddest sights in our courts and penal institutions is the large number of young people under twenty. Their faculties had play in the wrong direction. Proper exercise in the right direction would have saved them to themselves and to society. Save the boys and girls and you will save society.

## XVII

### PETER POTEWO

LOOK in the glass, pronounce his last name with the accent on the second syllable, and the sound you make will show you that Peter is a spitter. For once the name and the thing coincide and the ancient discussion of the scholastics about nominalism and realism is hushed into solution.

Peter spits. Anywhere, everywhere; street, sidewalk, floor, corner, through open window and even under the church pew, Peter spits and spits. His aim is at once wild and accurate. He never achieves his designed objective, but he never misses the sensitive spot in every decent person's nervous and æsthetic system. The discord of his raucous, labial, and sibilant operations crash into the harmony of current decency, like a runaway steam whistle into a Tschaikowski symphony. Everybody shudders and shivers until the spasm of voluntary filth is passed.

Peter Potewo is a rank realist in action. It is bad enough to read about things that are repulsive because they are true, but to exhibit to all the world physical functions that, by their intimate nature, ought to be kept secret is moral and social

outlawry. "People have to spit, don't they?" cries Peter in high dudgeon. Certainly, and people have to sleep, too, but it is only the social outcast that sleeps in the park or on the City Hall steps, and a uniformed officer generally disturbs that process. People are supposed to sleep in privacy. Public spitting is a private vice exercised to the annoyance and hurt of society, and it ought to encounter the policeman every time it is committed. A day of public thanksgiving will be ordered for the day after Peter is locked up.

Peter Potewo is an individualist. To him the social order is a field for the operation of his private enterprises. It has never occurred to him that he owes anything to his neighbors or to the community. He will shriek like a hound-pup caught in a skunk trap, if the town raises his taxes eleven cents or takes two millimeters off his land, but he does not scruple to burn his trash or dump his fermenting garbage where from his own safe vantage-ground he can watch the agonies of his neighbors. A town full of individualists like Peter Potewo would be a nest of bandits and all the surrounding country would become a wilderness and a desolation in six months.

Peter Potewo expects much of the community. He knows how to call the Mayor, City Council, and Police Department to time when anything goes wrong. When a light goes out on his street

or a sewer gets clogged or he has to wait three minutes for a car, the proper parties hear about it right off, now I tell you! But when Peter wants to do anything for Peter's own interest he does not give a "demnition bow-wow" for all the fool talk about the rights of society. That is why he spits when he spits where he spits, and the community ought either to cure him or spew him out of its mouth in imitation of his own habit.

Burglars, hold-ups, automobile speeders, lunatics, grafters and spitters are all individualists, and the foulest of these are the spitters.

## XVIII

### WHAT'S THE USE?

**WHENEVER** that question is asked there is crêpe on the front door. It is indisputable evidence that something is dead, or near enough to being dead to warrant the announcement of an early funeral. The question is not a question at all — it is a brutal assertion. The question is the answer, and that answer is, "There is no use." Apply it anywhere you like and see if it is not so. A proposition is made to the young wage earner, for instance, to use spare hours for self-improvement. The thing sounds reasonable and seems to promise good results. The attempt is made, the sacrifices grow irksome, fatal fatigue sets in, and then comes the crêpe, black and suffocating. "What's the use?" The impulse is dead, and reversion to type is accomplished.

Review your resolutions taken in moments of enthusiasm, and what is their life-history? We all know, and know so well that resolutions are listed among the jokes of life. When broken resolutions are mentioned, everybody smiles and forgives himself and everybody else, and then asks,

"What's the use?" And so we give up and are satisfied to live among the tombs.

Some people do not even know that they have a spiritual nature. The thrills they get at the show, in the church, at a funeral, are all delicious, but an hour afterwards you couldn't discover them with a microscope. They end in nothing. At the moment, they produce all eagerness, but in the after-calm comes the deadly question, "What's the use?" and another death is recorded under heavy black lines.

The sin of the world, as true as you live, is listlessness. People lack back-bone to do what they know they ought to do. They have what an old negro mammy in the South called the "drap-downs." "Yes," she said, "you wuck a leetle and den you drap-down. De trouble wid you is you'se got de gwineters." That's just it. "Drap-downs" and "gwineters." Always "gwine" to do something and then "drapping down." The fact is that your good impulses show you up, one way or the other. If you act on them, they reveal your real strength. If you smother them, they expose the jelly-like structure of your moral spinal column as plainly as by the use of the X-ray. Thank God, the air is full of the higher calls. If, having heard them, you ask the fatal question, "What's the use?" something dies within you. What charnel-houses most of us are! If only



some Ezekiel could come and make the dry bones rattle with returning life!

When a church begins to ask, "What's the use?" it is bawling for *crêpe*. If the best it can do in answer to the tremendous appeals made to it by this generation, is to ask that question, why, it is about time to pick out the pall bearers and I for one am willing to assist at the obsequies without charge. Potter's Field is good enough to bury it in. The fact is, however, that our churches do not ask this fatal question. It is only the listless element in them that does. The Christian Church has never been more alive to its mission than now. It is carrying its light into every field where a problem is to be solved. It is nearer to preaching the elemental Gospel of Jesus than ever. It rescued the Bible from the *débris* of Roman Rabbinism in the sixteenth century, and it is slowly recovering it from the friendly misconceptions of Protestant Christianity. It now emerges as a Book of Life, and only secondarily as a Book of Doctrines. Men are coming to see in a new sense that it is the Word of God, able to make wise unto salvation.

Still with all this, church members are listless. In the name of sense, how can it be? Yet so it is. With Gettysburg won and final victory assured, sections of the victorious army go picking blackberries. "Deserters all," you cry, "and

ought to be shot! " Assuredly. But in a bigger warfare, are you listless? Have you joined the army only to go berrying?

You didn't think it was your soul alone that Christ came to redeem, did you? Maybe that is the reason you don't take your church life seriously, that you let others do most of the work and pay up the deficit caused by your stinginess. Maybe that is why a deluge of rain on Symphony night becomes a drop of dew, and a rain drop on Sunday morning makes a deluge which transforms your house into an ark for trembling souls.

All this is equally applicable to every line of endeavor. When a business house asks, "What's the use?" you have a direct line on the psychology of the man who runs it. Through the narrow slit of such a question you can see conceit, inertia, insularity, selfishness, and laziness, to say nothing of ignorance as dense as barium. They are like the man who sat back in the basket of a balloon, laughing at the fellow poking holes in the gas-bag. Nothing but the bumps will serve to wake such people up.

The man who does not advertise is thinking only of his cash drawer and forgets the customer that fills it. The true assets of a business are in people who buy, not in the commodity or its name. When you ask such a protozoan business man to enlist in a movement for civic welfare, he asks,

**“What’s the use?”** He means that he will pay a fee of \$25 if you guarantee that all the trolleys will dump their passengers into his store, each under contract to buy. He won’t light up because he is a hold-up. Some day they will squirt illumination into his lair and catch him with the lead pipe and mask. Then he will whine and say that every man is against him. As a business man he will die, and the coroner’s verdict will be “suicide.”

## XIX

### DANIEL DAWDLE

THERE is a "prophet" in his first name and a dead loss in the second. He was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and his chief activity has been the wielding of this spoon in graceful curves from his hand to his mouth. Not that Daniel Dawdle lives from hand to mouth, in the usual sense of that phrase, for he has always been blessed or cursed with a super-abundance of creature comforts, but that he has acquired no other occupation than that of feeding, clothing and amusing himself. His life, therefore, is an aimless one because he has only one aim.

No man ever had better advantages than he. Born to wealth and the comforts of life, he never knew the heroic thrill of having to care for himself. All avenues were open to him and all he had to do was to enter and traverse them as far as he liked. He has always been denied the joy of overcoming obstacles and consequently he has recorded no moral victories. It is in this sense that Daniel Dawdle has never had a real chance and therefore is thoroughly to be pitied.

His education was planned and provided for

the moment he was born, and his place was secured in the best schools and the best college. He managed to pass through them all with a fair degree of credit, and his diploma hanging in his den is proof enough of this. His records, however, show that he did well only in the things he was interested in, and only managed to scrape by in the required subjects. How could you expect anything else when you reflect that in his career there has been a total lack of incentive? Would not the bills be paid? Did not the monthly allowance always come on time? Besides, the parents were complaisant and always acted generously upon special appeals. Daniel Dawdle never learned that money is compounded of metal and blood, that every dollar means the life of somebody who had to lay down so much vitality to get it.

Moreover, there was no need of preparing to earn a living. His place was waiting for him, and his name was all the requirement needed. Say what you please, prosperity is a worse handicap than adversity. We are constantly asking for a chance for the poor man's son, when the fact is that the rich man's son needs it a great deal more. The boy working his way through college, who has to get up at three in the morning to serve papers or to tend a furnace, in order to eke out a slender subsistence, is the boy with the real

chance. His struggles and his hardships toughen him for the real business of life, and the experiences he acquires in the process make the capital of his manhood. If anybody is to be pitied it is the rich man's son, not the poor man's.

Daniel Dawdle is the product of his training and nothing can save him but a rebirth in manhood. He flits from club to club, from resort to resort, from amusement to amusement, and is absolutely useless as a unit in society. He is always a consumer, never a producer. It is a harsh truth to utter but more than one person is convinced that he is a well-educated, gently-bred loafer. What he needs is a generous modicum of responsibility or poverty or vision or ambition. He is not only useless to society but a menace.

Discontent is stalking in ugly mood through the land. Half-starving people are asking why they should lack the bare necessities while such as Daniel Dawdle have more than enough. Everywhere men of means and superior advantages are awakening to their responsibility for the evil and the poverty of life, and splendid work is being done by them for the amelioration of life's conditions. If Daniel Dawdle could see all this, and learn by experience the joy of service, the delight of fellowship, the glory of unselfishness, he would help mightily to put off the day of social revolution that many of the keenest observers see impending.

## XX

### HEROISM

**"HAD we lived I should have had a tale to tell of the hardihood, endurance, and courage of my companions which would have stirred the heart of every Englishman." So wrote the heroic Captain Scott a short time before his death in the frozen South. He had reached the South Pole with his little company of brave explorers and was fighting his way back nine hundred miles in the teeth of the oncoming winter. It was an uphill and a losing game, but the courage of Scott and his companions never flagged.**

**There is enough heroism in the story of that last march alone to stimulate a whole generation of people. It was on this tragic return that Oates, badly frost-bitten, and unable to persuade his comrades to leave him behind, walked out while the rest slept and deliberately laid down his life for his friends. "Greater love hath no man than this."**

**Scott's very last words, written calmly in that frozen hell, were dramatic in their simplicity. "It seems a pity, but I do not think I can write more."**

The story of the Scott expedition has been told in this country. It was not idle curiosity that impelled men to hear it. It was because deep in the common human heart there is that which responds to deeds of courage.

Deeds of heroism are the tonic to the human spirit. When men cease to dare, they cease to progress. Thrift that garners for self, too often shrivels the spirit. Too much calculation produces a race of Shylocks. A sublime forgetfulness of self, sinking oneself in a great enterprise, lifts the whole level of human existence. Men like Savonarola, Arnold von Winkelried and Nathan Hale add a spiritual tonic to humanity that makes of their sacrifice a veritable atonement for others. A nation without heroes is fit only for "stratagems and spoils."

The hope of our common life is the large veins of heroic radium which it often discloses. Not on the battle-fields or in the frozen regions alone is glory gathered, but in the every-day, commonplace living of ordinary mortals.

The roster of heroes in any community will reveal two shining lists of men and women who make us proud of our kind and give us courage for our much endurance and effort. The smaller group are heralded in the prints of the day; the larger awaits the roll-call at that day when the Book of Life shall be opened.



Heroism most often springs from the prosaic, even the sordid of our commonplace life. White-souled saints and heroes lift their heads all about us if only we had eyes to see them. They are like the "Water Lily" of which some one wrote:

Golden-hearted flower,  
Thou dost make me see  
How from life's low places  
Cometh purity.

Rooted in the darkness  
Thou reachest hour by hour,  
Till the light thou lovest greets thee,  
And makes of thee, the flower.

We touch them day by day and often we feel not the thrill. They are so near, so plain withal, so drab in their habiliments, that we often miss the glory of their spirits. The mother in many a humble home, laying her beauty, her health, her tidiness and even her temper upon the altar in abject sacrifice for the life of others — how often we neglect her and find fault with her for this and that, forgetting that her spirit is like unto One who gave himself for the life of the world.

Many a young woman robbed of her playtime and her joy by the exigencies of cramping poverty, forced to be a mother in the spirit to younger children dependent upon her, has toiled year in and

year out, has refused to seek her own rightful happiness, and at last has laid down her life long before its term. Every shop and every factory hold every day in the year such as this. When she drops out it is only one shop-hand the less, but the roster of heroism glitters with a new name.

Any day when your eyes are open and you look in the right place, you may descry a man past middle life, bearing in his body the marks of a life of toil, and whose every mien tells you that he is breaking under the strain. He will smile and tell you that he is as good as he ever was, but you know that he knows better, that he is sick and tired and ought to rest. But he keeps on! No, sir, he is no quitter! There are others to think of. What if he dropped out? Not much! No surrender yet!

There it is. That is what Scott and the other heroes all said. To such men death is only an incident. The main thing is to keep going toward the goal, and if it is not reached, there is no failure, for heroism is a thing of the spirit.

## XXI

### TOBY TIGHT

HE is past master in the Order of the Clenched Fist, and his purse strings are perpetually tied in a hard knot. Like a mailed knight of chivalry he gleams glorious to the eye but he is enclosed in a casing of cold steel. Shafts of appeal clatter noisily to the ground, their barbs bent and twisted by the impenetrable hardness.

Toby Tight will tell you that his one principle of life is: "I must be fair to myself." The result is that he is fair to nobody else but himself. To him the world is an archipelago and each man is a little island entirely isolated from every other. Whatever washes up on his shores or comes into his ports of entry, is his "for keeps." No vessel ever leaves his dock with a cargo. All his commerce is imports, never exports.

Toby Tight knows only one passage in the Scriptures and that says something like this: "He that careth not for his own household is worse than an infidel." To him, that means that he ought not to do anything for those outside of his own immediate family. It has never occurred to him that the very passage he cherishes does not

mean that at all. It clearly refers to all the persons with whom he is associated. It is strange how many people there are who hang their hats on pegs which do not exist.

Toby Tight is a thoroughly moral man. He has kept all the commandments from his youth up. Ask him what the commandments are and he will tell you a string of "Thou shalt nots." All his morality is therefore negative. He keeps out of wrong things but he never goes very far into right things. He would never steal but his tight grip on his purse makes many a man wish to take it from him by force. The very exactness with which he demands his due makes people suspect that he would take more than his rightful share, if he dared. He becomes easily, therefore, an object of suspicion, and perhaps for that very reason he is the most suspicious of all men.

He loves his wife but he scans every item of the household expense microscopically and always pays the bill himself. He dresses his children not according to what pleases them but with a view to moderating their expensive tastes. Curiously enough he thinks he is doing this when as a matter of fact his niggardliness breeds in them a wild desire to spend. That is why it so often happens that "thrift" in the father spells "spendthrift" in the children.

In this and in all other respects Toby Tight is

near-sighted. His world is so small that his eyes get accommodated to the short diameters. He thinks he is most thrifty when in reality he throws away the best in life to get the cheapest. He expresses all values in terms of money, and that is why for him there are no other values. Like the ancient Crassus, who stripped the temples of their gold — he will find that molten gold poured down his throat is a deadly ration.

He is a wise man who knows how to get money, but he is a wiser man who knows how to get what money will buy. Toby Tight thinks only of getting and keeping the money. A wise man would invest in securities that pay dividends, no matter what the state of his purse. Charity, which to Toby Tight is an unjust tax, becomes an investment. Converting coin into good-will and love, and hope, and happiness, is putting the treasure where thieves cannot dig through and steal. There is a thrift of the soul which Toby knows nothing about. What he needs is the exercise of his organs of generosity. He cannot do this so long as he thinks that all mankind would snatch his purse. If he could see how cordially the best people despise him and his money, he would begin to think of putting what he possesses into something worth while.

The world can never forgive a stingy man or woman. The man who lets others do his share

in a matter that is common to several; the man who begins to hedge and to fidget when you are a mile away from asking his coöperation; the man who gives you smiles and platitudes and postponements when you need substantial help — this is the man who generally provides for his own monument before he dies. Toby Tight is always “fair to himself,” and when he asks the whining question, “What do I get out of it?” the solemn chorus of his contemporaries answers, *crescendo* and *fortissimo*, “Nothing.”

## XXII

### THE RIGHT TO BE SICK

**THERE** are a lot of people who have no right to be sick. Really sick people deserve our sympathy, and usually get it in generous proportions, but there are a lot of semi-invalids who ought to be ashamed of themselves. The reason is that their illness is of their own production. Anybody with a book of symptoms, illustrated by vivid pictures, can work up a first class disease in twenty-four hours. Concentrate even a sub-normal intellect on an abnormal liver long enough and it is the easiest thing in the world to experience all the symptoms of a diseased liver. Pains and secretions will increase directly as the square of the time you put on the concentration, and you can decorate your complexion with the finest yellow that jaundice can produce. Think on a tumor long enough and you will have one that will put all records into the shade. A man once met the Plague coming from Bagdad. "Oh," he cried, "you have killed a host of people in Bagdad, haven't you?" "About a hundred thousand," replied the Plague; "sixty thousand died of disease, and forty thousand of fright."

There is so much of genuine suffering in the world that sham suffering becomes doubly an imposture and a nuisance. There is no doubt about it, we work up most of our ills. There is an intimate relationship between the mind and the body. Most scientists are agreed that the mind is a separate entity from the brain. Our thoughts begin somewhere outside of our brains, then cross over into the brain and then into the nervous system, and through the nerves into the tissues and organs of the body. The brain is the central office of the nervous system which governs the entire body. It is a sort of dispatcher's office, with wires running to each part. Orders are immediately telegraphed to the different parts, which instantly obey. Let the mind conjure up worry or fretfulness and the message goes throughout the system. Keep piling scare messages on the wires and any self-respecting stomach will be thrown out of gear. Good temper and optimism have cured more dyspepsia than all the doctors combined. Fear shot throughout the nervous system will demoralize organs right and left.

Health currents sent throughout the body keep up its tone; a diseased or disordered mind distributes panic, and often causes disease. Mental attitudes control to a great extent the vibrations, the secretions and the rhythm of the whole system.

People who nurse their nerves and their shams



ought to have nervous troubles and invariably do have them. Many a good woman has allowed to enter her mind the thought that she is on the verge of a break-down, and giving her whole attention to that to the neglect of everything else, she soon produces the desired result. Nervous prostration is often a refined form of selfishness. Such people think only of themselves. Their whole thought is a storm signal, their sole prayer is for disaster, and their entire effort is placed upon answering their own prayer. The inevitable result comes, and comes quickly. Such self-made patients do not deserve any sympathy. If they had put a little vigorous will-power into their thought-stuff, and had made themselves think a little of their loved ones, they might have been well.

Psychologists are telling us all the time of the great reservoirs of power stored up in us by nature. They become available at the call of the will. There is a little book written by William James called "The Energies of Men," which ought to be put in the hands of every man and woman, especially those who are inclined to pity and "cuddle" themselves. Professor James alludes to the "second wind" of runners, and then proceeds to show that there is no reason why a man may not have a third or a tenth "wind," if he chooses to use it. It is often true that we let

disease in by the front door of the mind, and then entertain it in every room in the house. A vigorous slamming of the door in his face will often send the intruder far up the block.

Now, to believe all this, there is no need to adopt any queer theories. The weakness of mankind has always been to put all of its truth into one category. All disease does not enter by the door of the mind. There are physical causes of sickness as well as mental. A trolley-car, a germ, or a lead-pipe can throw me into the hospital. Physical treatment of physical ailments will always be at least half of the process. The doctors will be on the job for some time to come. The simple rule ought to be this: If the cause is mental, treat the mind — if the cause is physical, as in the case of a fracture, treat the effect in a common sense way. In either case a sane mental attitude is helpful.

There is great value in the ancient saying: "There is a body and there is a spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling." The business of health demands that body and mind be kept in harmonious working order.

## XXIII

### LADY GANGLION

SHE is dainty and attractive to look upon, of good proportions, neither stout nor thin, of mobile countenance and quick movements, withal very sensitive to impressions, and as her name indicates, a bundle of nerves. Whatever she does, she does intensely and generally upon impulse. All sorts of impulses have their day with her and as a consequence her performances are many and varied in character. When so prosaic an impulse as house-cleaning possesses her, she brings all the reserves of her nervous and physical batteries to bear upon it, and the task is accomplished in short time and with a vigor that not only removes all foreign substances that have intruded themselves, but renders many of the articles thus exorcised maimed for the rest of their lives. Not only the dirt from the rug, but the nap as well; not only the dust from the furniture and the walls, but the varnish and paper also, emerge from the encounter in a dilapidated condition. She can shake out the wrinkles so successfully from clothing as to make the garments start at every joint. Lady Ganglion is nervous to be sure, but she is thorough,

and the objects with which she deals know that right well. Her method in this matter as in everything else is that of "fits and starts." Certain it is that when she has fits of cleaning the house and its contents respond in antiphonal starts of positive nervous excitement.

When the impulse of charity is in control, Lady Ganglion compasses her fretted orbit in the same intense way. From aid society to almshouse, from social center to sewing circle, she swings her swift way among known and unknown systems. Like a comet she visits in rapid succession many worlds and leaves all the various living things in the Signs of the Zodiac in a state of hopeless perturbation.

Lady Ganglion does much good, I assure you. She is very kind at heart; she is sensitive to every good appeal; there are many people who can testify to the real service she has rendered; she possesses nearly all the virtues in the catalogue. But somehow she gets on people's nerves. Her own state of mind is contagious. When she comes around, somehow you instinctively tighten up your nervous system and prepare for something as though you were soon going to be put to a strain. Instinctively you talk fast in conversing with her. No matter how phlegmatic you may be, when she takes her seat beside you you begin to wriggle and grow restless. When she leaves the drawing-

room or the assembly, everybody sighs an automatic sigh as though the tension had been relieved. No, nobody dislikes her, but the pace has been too fast and there is a nervous slump when it suddenly comes to a stop.

Lady Ganglion, with all her virtues, is one of those unfortunate persons who succeed in exciting us without stimulating us. Possessing power, as all nervous people do, the unfortunate thing is that it comes in spurts. Watch the stalwart men at the nozzle of a hose before the stream comes on fully. There is tension, anxiety and general uncertainty, and when the flow is steady the easement comes at once. The test of an electric current is not its highest candle-power at any moment, but its steady candle-power that can be depended upon. Power in spurts is always disquieting and quite often dangerous. Lady Ganglion leaves the very distinct impression that her forces are not under control, and that her greatest need is some kind of a nervous appliance that will enable her to deliver her power in a steady flow.

Such intense nervous action always produces reaction and Lady Ganglion in relaxation does not appear at her best. Her steeds have run wildly and at will, and when they stop the equipage is worse than battered and bedraggled. At such times she is irritable, moody, and every common-

place falls upon exposed surfaces. She gets the servants by the ears; the telephone girl gets mad at her snappishness; her children make for out-of-doors and her husband remembers a pressing business engagement down town. When Phaeton drives the car of the Sun, the blessing may be changed to blistering at any moment.

## XXIV

### FRICTION

**MORE** wrecks are caused by friction than by collisions. There are many doughty old locomotives that have stood the shock of numerous obstructions, and that break down at last from inner friction. To toss a cow or a pile of ties off the track is child's play with a touch of grim humor in it, but the wearing away of the parts is what shortens the career. Outside forces only make dents in the engine; it is the inside friction that sends it to the scrap-heap before its time.

The human machine is like all other machines in this respect. Whether it is the individual or the organization of men, the case is exactly similar. Both are built, like the locomotive, for action and for obstacles, and when they break down, they break down inside.

The human body was built to withstand shock. No reasonable amount of work can batter the body out of business. It is only when work sets the parts rubbing against each other that the machine begins to creak and to weaken. Even accidents become effective only when they set the organs fighting against each other. A man

wounded in the lungs is all right unless the heart refuses to support the other parts. Even a maltreated stomach can't kill a man if the nervous system behaves itself. The defeat of the health is always insurrection and civil war — never foreign attack.

The mind and the body are absolute allies. So long as they are mutually loyal there can be no break-down. Only when one or the other defaults does trouble come and dissolution begin. Abuse of the body brings estrangement of mind, and the humors of the brain play fast and loose with the body. When friction starts, the wear and tear comes that soon ends it all.

"A sound mind is a sound body" is both ancient and modern wisdom. No man has a right to tamper with either. The relationship is intimate and vital and the balance can easily be upset. "Plain living and high thinking" is the secret of long life and of natural force unabated.

In our relationship with others we multiply the chances for friction. Work does not kill anybody. A good mind and a healthy body could keep on doing their stated work indefinitely.

The difficulty is that so few people have the opportunity of working unhampered. Here is a man, employer or employed, who has his stint of work to do. He is obstructed on this side and on that by the men next to him. Somebody on his



board of directors, or somebody from whom he expects coöperation, feels a divine call to put on the brakes or to put obstacles in the way, until it comes to pass that most of his vitality is spent in friction rather than in getting his task done. The queerest thing visible to the naked eye is the sight of a manager or a worker setting about his appointed work with all of his supposed helpers clinging to his coat-tails. It would be like tying up the legs of a runner and commanding him to sprint, or filling the gas-bag of a balloon with buck-shot and bidding it mount up to heaven. Otherwise sensible people are doing this very thing all the time and cannot see that they are themselves the losers.

The most comfortable career in the world is that which runs in grooves and ruts. The unimaginative man who accepts his task and does it as it always has been done, often escapes the friction that shortens the life of other men. But it is an unattractive sort of existence. Nobody but a marionette would desire it.

Verily a vision is an uncomfortable thing. To see new things and new ways means making others see the same, and alas, the quickening of sight is a painful process. If men who cannot see would only consent to let you see and then carry out what you see, all would be well. But no, the man who sees not, thinks you are blind or foolish, and he

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cannot but discount your vision and obstruct your efforts. The visionary of yesterday is the seer of to-morrow, because blind people take so long to see the vision.

Every inventor, discoverer, thinker or reformer sees a vision and strives to make it come true and almost every one of them is marked with the sign of the cross. No, men do not die of work — they often die of friction and must leave others to finish what they began.

## XXV

### DOCTOR NOALL

THE man and the mask may be two different things. They often are, but the wise man is he who makes the mask more attractive than the man behind it. It is only common sense that impels the average person to put the best foot forward, to wish to appear at the best, and to make the appearance conceal the unfortunate reality. There is no virtue in exhibiting the scars and patches, even if there be those who like to do it.

Ordinary human pride is at once the proof of evolution and the promise of progress. It shows how far we have come and gives surety for further advance. The queerest thing in the world, however, is the costumes in which really sensible people are willing to masquerade. Personality is the outer garb of character. Here is a beautiful woman or a handsome man. Why do they so often spoil the beauty by some superciliousness of expression or carriage, that shouts to all the world that they are conceited about it. Make beauty conscious and you destroy it.

Here, for instance, is our friend Doctor Noall. Of course, he is wise. Do not his diplomas, care-

fully framed, stare at you from every wall of his abode? But why in conscience does he stalk about "diked out" in diplomas? Does he not know that the diploma costume has a divided skirt that furnishes a side entrance to his real self? Doctor Noall's whole bearing is a noisy proclamation that he knows, and that he knows that he knows, and that he knows that he knows that nobody else knows. Why should a sensible man who has just cause to be proud of his accomplishments revert to a lower type and strut like a turkey-cock? If the turkey-cock could for once shake off his mask and costume, mount the fence and watch himself in full regalia making mock-triumphant progress about the barn-yard, he would either die of humiliation or, if he had a sense of humor, sterilize the strut and the gobble. Doctor Noall takes himself too seriously and that is the very reason why his friends cannot.

He is blissfully unaware that he is discounted. It does not occur to him that his guard is so flimsy that anybody can see through it. The only creature he fools is himself. Broach a subject that the good Doctor knows nothing about, and the look of profound wisdom which comes over his face would reduce Plato to humility. A knowing manner, a few non-committal but oracular words well-chosen, followed by silence and perfect self-confidence, and the Doctor passes for a true oracle.

Silence is golden in more ways than one. If a man looks wise, says little, and matches these with gestures and movements appropriate, he will soon add to the list of the Seven Wise Men.

You simply cannot tell Doctor Noall anything. If it is a new joke, he smiles patronizingly, and his whole manner seems to say how sorry he is for you, in just having heard it. It is all the same with a new idea, a new invention, a new book. When you try to tell him, he seems really bored with having known it for so long. Doctor Noall thinks by this masquerade to conceal his ignorance when, as a matter of fact, he magnifies it. He seems to think that it would be humiliating to learn, and in consequence he never gives his friends the keenest of all joys, that of having imparted something really worth while, which is the heart of fellowship.

Doctor Noall has never learned that the other side of wisdom is simplicity, that conceit and selfishness make men very lonesome, and that the wisest men always learn most from children. It would change things for the pompous and inflated Doctor if he could live just a while with such men as Socrates, St. Francis, Melanchthon, Lincoln and Jesus.

An overbearing manner always rings hollow, and "bluff" always lets the cat out of the bag.

Nature and the human heart cannot be bull-

dozed into giving up their treasures. The man who would win there must wear no false mask but be girded with the humility that learns and serves.

## XXVI

### TILLY TELLTALE

THE Telltale clan is large and influential. Its representatives are to be found in every community and in almost every smaller group of people. Wherever social or political or business interests create their little associations, almost always a Telltale is found upon the list of members.

There is some doubt as to the Christian name of the subject of this sketch. Some authorities say that "Tilly" is the nickname for "Matilda"; others are as strongly convinced that it is an abbreviation for Tillman, acquired during his college life. It really does not matter greatly for there are abundant Telltales in the directory, both male and female.

The family characteristics never vary and you can tell a Telltale wherever you see him, or better still hear him. The signs are unmistakable. Put your ear to the ground and if conditions are normal, you will hear first a whisper, then a clatter, then a roar, and you may then be certain that you are in the immediate region of some member of the Telltale family.

Frequent physiological examinations have dis-

closed the automatic tongue as the unfailing characteristic of the Telltale species. It is even a matter of observation that after death the lingual activity continues for several days. In the frog it is the heart that keeps beating by reflex action after death; in the Telltale the heart stops but the tongue keeps right on.

William Congreve, the great Restoration dramatist, describes the female Tilly in these words: "I know a lady that loves talking so incessantly, she won't give an echo fair play. She has that everlasting rotation of tongue that an echo must wait till she dies before it can catch her last words."

Tilly cannot help talking, that is all. He often tells the truth, but both the truth and the telling are untimely. There are some truths that need no telling, even as there are some thoughts which it is no kindness to utter. Besides, the truth is often a joint possession — and the telling of truth may be a breach of trust.

Even the telling of truth about oneself is often self-betrayal. No man has a right to exhibit himself on all occasions. There ought to be some reserves that nobody suspects. Indecent exposure of mind is worse than all other exposures, and deserves a heavier penalty. Tilly will talk about himself till there is not a rag left on his primeval nakedness.



Tilly Telltale oftener deals with half-truths. He is in such a hurry to pass his information on that he does not get the whole of it. Moreover, if he does hear it all, he lacks the mental grasp to see it in its fullness, and straightway he misrepresents by telling only a part. A lie out of whole cloth deceives nobody for very long, but a lie embroidered on the homespun of truth does all the mischief. "Didn't I tell the truth?" shouts Tilly when cornered. "Yes," replies the slandered, "but you told only a part of it!"

The Telltale family are traitors to their kind. They deal in small talk and small talk is like sparks, little in themselves, but capable of kindling whole forests. It is the commonest thing in experience to play havoc by just buzzing. Let a few Telltales chatter about a man's character and you may as well put stripes on him. Give the gossips a half-hour with a woman's name, and you may as well enter it on the police docket.

How many great enterprises have been spoiled by a wagging tongue! Garrett of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad talked about his deal for the right of way from Baltimore to Philadelphia, before the negotiations were completed, and the Pennsylvania bought it over his head. Samson tells his personal secrets to Delilah and the Hebrews lose a leader and a cause. The crown of our humanity is our speech. What a shame that

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we degrade ourselves and our kind by that which is our glory! By our words we are justified or condemned.

The Telltale clan should be checked by some device, or be forcibly isolated. If a law were passed to bridle all the Telltales, the harness business would boom and there would not be hitching posts enough in our forests.

## XXVII

### THE BIG BASS FIDDLE

I'd like to be the leader, said poor father, but I'm not;  
So here by my bass fiddle I will stand  
And say nothing but saw bass strings, if my feet will just  
hold out;  
You can't play every instrument in the band.

So runs the comic talking-machine record of the hour. It provokes a smile but the smile goes deep. The fact is that humor is the other side of seriousness, and there is a gospel of humor that proclaims good cheer, and a philosophy of humor that preaches the lessons of life. Often, as in this case, the smile sobers into thoughtfulness, and one is often moved to ask why the deep things of life are so often proclaimed in so somber a way. If molasses catches more flies than vinegar, why may not truth proclaimed in terms of gladsome humor be more convincing? Our dogmatism is forbidding because it has the "I and thou" in it; our humor breaks down barriers because it reduces all pronouns to "we." There is no comedy without tragedy, and poetry is the apology for wrong and wretchedness, if Shelley may be trusted. Even

the Man of Sorrows left joy as his ultimate legacy to his friends.

This honest German fiddler, according to the talking machine, was a "philosophicker," and his philosophy sustained him when he found his level. If his music ever stopped, it would be his feet and not his head that failed to hold out.

He was ambitious to be the leader, but he had the sense to see when his ambition outran his capabilities. He had tried to be a "violinist," but he "had too many knuckles in his hands." He essayed the 'cello but his "knees got in the way," and when he took up the trombone, he slid therefrom into the bass. The old man hated that bass fiddle for "he had to stand for all the music that he made," but like a true hero, he whined not, but resolved to "saw bass strings" as long as his feet would hold out.

There is a deep lesson here. There are those who will not serve unless they can lead. Some men are diamonds in office, but in the ranks as dull as a lump of coal. It is curious that the same carbon can take such diverse forms. Flashing in the limelight — out of it, using up all the kindling in the cellar before emitting the slightest glow. The character of such men is supported on two weak poles, egotism and ignorance. Egotism that is the heart of all selfishness and that sulks at every loss of tribute; and ignorance that knows not the bare

requisites of leadership. The tragi-comedy of life is the passion to rule which possesses so many incompetents.

Some girl will want to play the organ when she cannot grind a street piano. Some man will insist upon being a soloist when he hasn't voice enough to call the cows home. Some people try to preach (sic) who couldn't qualify as auctioneers. How many times has government suffered from men whose sole requisite for office was their desire to rule! It is a wise man who knows his place and it is a rare virtue to know how to follow. The best training for leadership is obeying the orders of others. The one-talent man, if he is faithful, may some day be a five-talent man, but it would be cruelty to animals to thrust a five-talent responsibility upon a one-talent capacity. Better saw bass strings! You can't play every instrument in the band, and maybe you would spoil the music if you took the baton.

Besides, the total music depends upon the single fiddler. A single infidelity of that big bass fiddle would betray the whole band. One raucous discord from that humble instrument would fray the whole fabric of the harmony. It is only when all the pieces play in time and tune that we catch the soul of the music, for fifty instruments do not make fifty separate sounds—they mix into a magical unity. We are not conscious of the

threads, but of the tapestry, though each thread preserves its individuality.

Society is a harmony, or a fabric, as you will, and we all are parts thereof. He that exalts himself is abased because he is not of the whole. He that humbleth himself to the pattern, is exalted in that he becomes a necessary part of the finished product. That old German fiddler exchanged the vanity of personal preferment for the pride in a perfected work.

## XXVIII

### NELLIE NAGG

NELLIE and Nathan Nagg are twins and possessed of the same characteristics. In describing one, you present an accurate portrait of the other. The fields of activity are different but the machinery is the same. Nellie Nagg is the mother of brainstorm, and a breeder of outbursts. She can fling a foot over a central nerve and ride it bare-back till the whole system is in a wild gallop, and she never gets off until the victim has shattered the toprail of every moral fence in sight. She is a neural equestrienne and she always sticks to her mount till the poor beast drops in a heap.

It is astonishing that so estimable a person should produce invariably such desperate effects. Nellie Nagg is the most circumspect of persons. Her conduct is without blemish, her motives are often of the highest; she is in most ways altogether unselfish, and frequently she is of a deeply religious turn of mind. Nellie Nagg could keep twenty commandments as well as ten. Nobody could ever point the finger of scorn at her and she can look the Mosaic Code in the face without flinching. And yet she has done more to incite

others to moral turpitude than a half-dozen other people who are not nearly so good as she. The key to her nature is that she makes others do the very things which she does not wish them to do, and which she would not for the world do herself.

Alcoholically, she is as temperate as a Nazarite, and yet she has driven whole droves to drink. A nerve is a sensitive thing, and when you touch it just right it produces the proper reaction in the body and in the mind. Keep on touching it in the same spot and the nervous system runs wild, carrying the body and mind and character along with it. Nellie Nagg is an expert vivisectionist. She knows how to expose a nerve and then sit by for hours tapping and teasing it, until the subject is thrown into spasms and loses all balance ever afterward.

If her husband drinks, she tells him of it, and then she tells him of it some more. Then she whines about it so much that the husband has to take a drink to stimulate his courage to return to her. When he is sober she frets for fear he will drink again and he has to do it to keep from disappointing her. Literally she so hypnotizes him with the thought of drink that his mind contains nothing else and of course the most natural thing in the world for him to do is to drink. He somehow feels that she expects it. He fears the consequences if he proves her wrong.



If the children take their baths on Saturday, Nellie Nagg begins to tell them about it Tuesday afternoon as soon as the ironing is out of the way. The bath nerve of the children is exposed and every few minutes she touches and taps it, till by the time Saturday arrives the youngsters climb in without turning on the water and report solemnly that they have been "in the tub." It would be a wicked slander to declare that Nellie Nagg is uncleanly, but it is undeniably true that she is the cause of uncleanness in her children. The trouble is that she does not seem to know how much it takes to make an impression. When stimulation runs into irritation the opposite effects from the desirable, are produced. When children or grown-ups begin to grow restless under instruction, it is a wise teacher who knows how to shift the emphasis. Too much of a good thing leads to evil.

I met a Yale professor, well known in the world of literature, one Sunday morning after church. To my greeting he responded: "I'm mad! My minister has been rubbing into us a particular kind of holiness for so long that I am now looking for the first chance to commit a crime." Alas, Nellie Nagg is in the ministry too.

Nellie Nagg's motives are all right. What she wants her friends to do is all right too, but she nags people into doing the very opposite. If

she could learn to take off the pressure a little, to let things go, and to trust the good sense and the good will of those she is concerned about, the results would be much finer. Many a fine boy and girl approaching maturity have been ruined by parental nagging. What young people at this age need is not preaching but sympathy. Stop irritating them, get into the fight with them and the battle will often be won.

The saddest thing, perhaps, about Nellie Nagg is that she isolates people from her. She discredits herself by the results she produces, and people are repelled. When her motives and example are so good, it is really too bad.

Nellie Nagg has to learn that there are several ways of "keeping everlastingly at it."

## XXIX

### PATIENCE

PATIENCE will explain more successes than genius. "Pull" has its many victories and "push" still more, but patience outnumbers them all. Patience is the homely background on which most of the brilliant achievements are woven in beautiful harmony. Embroidery is not all silk and colors, even as steel is not all temper. Both must have solid stuff on which to impress themselves. Genius is attributive; patience is substantive. Genius is a quality and patience is the substance to which the quality applies. Without patient endurance the most brilliant qualities are but flashes in the pan.

Here is the point at which humanity records its numerous failures. There is plenty of power in all of us, but precious little patience. We exert our power once or twice and then lose heart. The pattern does not appear at once, and then as we prick our fingers we put aside the work. The pathway of most people is littered with the uncompleted fragments of their endeavor, and every fragment tells of a failure.

The handwriting of God on the rocks shows

plainly that even infinite power did not make the world in a day. Achievement never comes in brilliant bursts. It is always gradual and proceeds by regular and often slow stages.

The man at the bench thinks more of his pay than of his proficiency, and his eyes wander from his work to fairer tasks. "A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways." Patience makes proficiency and proficiency is the only road to advancement. The best way to get a bigger job is to be a bigger man than your present job requires, and patience is the method by which such development comes. Oaks and cabbages do not prosper by frequent uprootings and solid men must have their roots down deep. Restlessness is the mother of froth and you cannot float argosies on foam.

The road to education is patience. Nature endows most men with the necessary cubic inches of brain. Fools are made, not born. Intelligence is a muscle which develops only by exercise and exercise comes by will and patience. Means for self-education are on every hand, and he who lacks training lacks only the moral quality by which it becomes available to him. Patience is self-mastery and the man who is master of himself carves out his career. The way may be steep and the outlook bleak but patience will ultimately lay the world at his feet.

Patience is both the stuff of character and the secret of success. Opposition is the material which patience works into character. No great task was ever done without friction. Men and things always throw themselves across the road to progress and to achievement, and the man who fails, fails in his heart, and the man who succeeds, succeeds by reason of the very obstructions offered.

Patience is the magic miller that grinds all the grist that comes to his mill and in the grinding transforms the bad into the good. The supreme human need is patience, for patience alone keeps a man in control of himself and of his circumstances.

## XXX

### SAMMY SMUTT

HIS house is hard by the Cloaca Maxima and his character is saturated with sewer gas. Though he is scrupulously careful about his physical well-being and appearance, his mind is a rag-picker that pokes about in the refuse heaps beyond the pale. He is not so respectable as the honest rag-picker who seeks to recover the good things amid the waste, for Sammy Smutt is continually scratching for filth. His linen is spotless but you would not feel safe in handling his mind with a surgeon's rubber gloves.

Sammy Smutt twists everything into vulgarity. A chance remark in a company of men brings forth from him the sinister snicker and the knowing nod. Instantly he draws the company closer with a mysterious gesture and violates the enforced intimacy with, "Say, have you fellows heard the story about—?" Then follows a yarn that could only be sterilized in a Bessemer furnace. The gentlemen in the group are forced to laugh to keep up appearances and to prevent embarrassment, but every one of them, in his soul, despises Sammy Smutt, and promises himself sol-

emnlly that never again will he come within range of this human polecat.

Sammy Smutt makes the fundamental mistake that many a better man makes, that the way to be a good fellow and popular, is to exhibit the worst side of one's character. Somehow the opinion prevails that fellowship must be foetid, that a man cannot prove his manhood unless he says unmanly things and does unmanly deeds. To such men "a good time" means a season of moral lapse, in speech and conduct. For mercy's sake! Is there no fun in cleanness? Is there no wit and laughter outside of the brothel and the stew? Shades of Sydney Smith, Charles Lamb and Thomas Fuller! With all the wealth of anecdote and rejoinder, of brilliancy and humor, Sammy Smutt and his tribe adjourn to the cess-pool for refreshments.

The plain fact is that real men whether they confess to any pious idealism or not, cannot stomach the pointless pollution of a mind like Sammy Smutt's, and if Sammy only had the sense to see it, his stock in their esteem goes down every time he gives vent to himself.

But Sammy's wisdom is on a par with his wit. He doesn't see this, even as he is not wise enough to comprehend the meaning of a story. An illustration is something that lights something else up. Be it story or wisdom in any form, it ought to

have a mark. Nobody objects to a healthy realism. We are all human, and human things always appeal to us, but we do not need to exhibit everything to the public. Frankness like every other virtue must be used with discretion. It is a fertilizer, contributing and drawing attention to the flower, never to itself. We can stand much necessary frankness, but filth, never.

Needless to say, Sammy Smutt is hopelessly lacking in good taste and delicacy. Many a woman has had cause to resent his coarse brutality. A glance or a grimace, a sly remark or a double entendre, is enough for a woman of fine sensibility. Henceforth Sammy is unmasked. Ask his wife if this is not so. "Cruel and inhuman treatment," as the divorce court calls it, may not be administered with a club or a kick, but with a coarse and unrefined spirit and demeanor. "Incompatibility of temper" divides more people and ruins more fine sentiment than the law records ever contained. A woman of refinement is bruised in the intimacy of coarseness, and a man of sensibility is degraded in the atmosphere of vulgarity.

It is a good rule in all our intimacies, married or otherwise, among men and women, to keep a good deal out of sight. Personality is a deity that needs always the atmosphere of mystery, else it tumbles into hopeless materialism.



## XXXI

### TOMMY TWIST

HE is a well-meaning soul, but he can never get anything straight. His mind is like a prism which bends the rays of light out of their right course. He has a bad case of refraction.

Tommy Twist really is not to blame for this fault; he simply cannot help himself. It may be that early in life his intellectual wires got crossed in the spasms of a violent case of whooping cough. You really could not expect the messages to come straight with the machinery out of order.

When Tommy was a little boy his teacher read a touching little poem to the class called the "Surcease of Sorrow." She then asked him what the title of the poem was, and Tommy replied, "Smear-case to-morrow." That is the way it sounded to him and I don't see how you can blame him.

There is a famous Oxford professor who is a veritable Tommy Twist. When asked the cause of a fire, this learned gentleman gravely replied, "The fire was caused by an overhooted flea." He encountered once at a reception a young couple tucked away in a comfortable corner, and re-

marked as he passed, "I see you have chosen a nosy cook." The worst of all, however, was when he was asked by his hostess what refreshment he would have and then it was that he shocked everybody at the party. "Ah, thank you," said he quite seriously, "I think I will have some of that stink puff."

Like this English professor, Tommy Twist never means to get things wrong. He really makes a sincere effort to get things right. Up to a certain point this produces only humor, but beyond that the consequences are often serious. One of the outstanding mysteries of life is the ease with which you can produce a false impression. Give people the wrong impression of a fact and all the sages of Greece reincarnated could not correct it. An explanation almost never explains.

I know a prominent teacher in one of our Eastern colleges, who says that 90 per cent. of the trained scholars in the world cannot copy a page of print without mistakes. Accuracy must be a very difficult business if that is so, and the solemn thing is that our inaccuracies often cause a great deal of pain to others. How many times public men are misquoted! No, they are not so often misquoted as "unquoted." What the informant tells is true but he leaves out as much more that ought to have been reported. Then it is to be

remembered that impressions cannot be any larger than the mind which takes them. The size of the picture depends wholly upon the size of the photographic plate. A two-by-four plate cannot produce a twelve-by-eight picture.

Sam Jones once said, as a man left his meeting in disgust, "There goes a fellow who is going off with his thimbleful." Tommy Twist will get just as much of your point of view as his mind can hold, no more, no less. That is all he is responsible for, and if he is honest he will be retailing that impression as long as he lives. If your week's wash is lying in the dirt, it is because you hung it on a line too weak to hold it.

We encounter Tommy Twist every day in the week and we ought to be careful what impressions we give. And Tommy Twist ought to have a care that he does not measure all men and things by his own little mind.

## XXXII

### DEMOCRACY IN EDUCATION

THE recent announcement that Clark College proposes to offer its facilities for evening instruction deserves more than a passing notice. Unless we are greatly mistaken it marks an era in higher education. It is a great effort to place at the disposal of those who were in earlier life denied the chance, the opportunity of acquiring a college training. The complaint has been justly made that the college and university are aristocratic institutions. Whether so designed or not, the fact is that an exceedingly small percentage of those entering high school continue to graduation, and a still smaller proportion ever find it possible to take up college work.

The reason is largely economic. Young people must begin early to bear their share of the home responsibility. For this reason a very large proportion of the people are fully launched into life before the age of sixteen. The new liberty which thus comes with economic independence, brings with it a certain lack of restraint which often confuses the values of life. After a long day in the office or factory, the natural desire for pleasure,

quicken by the need of relaxation, sends great numbers of young people to places of amusement which, while diverting, do not minister greatly to intellectual and moral growth.

After the taste is formed for this kind of thing it becomes increasingly difficult to get the mind back to substantial interests. Newspaper and magazine reading become often the sole intellectual pabulum. It is only the more courageous and ambitious who really make themselves accomplish something worth while.

If those who read the newspapers and light literature only were to count up the actual amount of their daily desultory reading, it would often measure up to the size of a considerable pamphlet or even volume. A little calculation will show how much could be accomplished if the reading were consecutive and had a definite goal in view. I knew a man once who completed a college course in American literature by using the half hour for this purpose just before going to bed. People who ride to work a half hour each morning could do a respectable volume of valuable reading by using this time seriously, instead of wasting it.

Here is a fine chance for the busy man with fair accomplishments to acquire a college education, and discerning people will avail themselves of it. We can become anything we wish

if only we wish it earnestly enough. Policemen after tramping all day have become doctors by stealing an hour here and there from their sleep. The best educated men have often been those who used the odds and ends of their time for self-culture. When education comes too easily it is often not appreciated.

## XXXIII

### VIRIPLACA

VALERIUS MAXIMUS, a compiler of historical anecdotes, who lived at the time of Christ, tells of a quaint custom of the "olden time": "Whenever any quarrel arose between husband and wife, they would proceed to the chapel of the goddess Viriplaca (Reconciler of Husbands), which is on the Palatine, and there they would mutually express their feelings; then laying aside their anger, they returned home reconciled." An excellent custom which once more justifies Sydney Smith's saying that "the ancients have stolen all our best ideas." Think how dramatic must have been the scene. The husband and wife raised to the white heat of anger, each ably seconded by devoted friends who dearly loved a fight, would lead their sulphurous cohorts to the shrine. Doubtless a referee paired them off and when he could get a hearing called "time." Then the scrimmage! Kilkenny and Billingsgate would have shivered at the belching rhetoric. The adjectives, metaphors, interjections and anathemas, flung with reckless prodigality, must have made the atmosphere lurid. Then when the

venom was all out of their loving hearts, they performed that most human of actions, kissed and made up, their partisans became friends, and the whole company returned home to the tune of the ancient wedding march.

Sensible ancients! They carried the fight to a religious shrine; we carry the contest to the divorce court. They talked themselves out with a view to reconciliation; we talk our foolish heads off to find new grounds of separation. We take our loving neighbors and relatives into our confidence, and what with whisperings and slander, there's a pretty kettle of fish.

Married people should keep their troubles to themselves. A woman who tells her neighbor the faults of her husband is setting the match to her own house. The husband who whines to his mother or his chum about the shortcomings of his wife violates his marital contract. Here is the beginning of marriage woes, and a little common sense and a little of the affection boasted of so eloquently before marriage, would make things all right. Instead of that, bickering and quarreling begin. Both tongues go it a mile a minute, and it does not take long to tear a pretty romance into tatters. The progress from talk to deeds is easy. The wife does what irritates the husband; the husband "gets even" with the wife. Neither will give in, and love goes out of the window.



**Behold how great a forest a little spark kindleth!**

Those ancients saw one thing clearly and that was that it is impossible to get husband and wife together till the quarrel stage be passed. The adjective is the enemy of the noun, which being interpreted means that calling names will destroy your finest treasure. Marriage is the most solemn contract of life. People who enter into it ought to know that it takes character to make the relationship a success. Mutual respect and patience are absolutely necessary. Treat your wife as though she were a woman. Don't be stingy with her, and avoid working off your bad humor or your bad habits on her. Let her see oftener the side you used to show when you were courting.

Treat your husband as though he were still the man who first made you "take notice." Don't take up the quarrel where you left it off when he went away. Don't unload all the home troubles on him the moment he arrives. Above everything else, keep the mystery of your person intact and you will always find a worshiper. People of spirit will always quarrel more or less. Perhaps it is good for them. A manly man and a womanly woman will always do their quarreling alone and somewhere within call of the goddess Viriplaca.

## XXXIV

### DUMB DEVIL

IF the Devil is dead his residuary legatees are administering his affairs with conspicuous ability. The business of the Sin Trust goes merrily on after we have laid the personality of His Lowness in the most decent theological grave. Demoniacal possession is as common now as in the ancient days when demons were distinct personalities. The possessing demon has a fiendish way of taking up his abode at the sources of a man's being and controlling them to his own ends. Thrift is turned into meanness, hunger into gluttony, thirst into insanity, passion into brutality. All the normal impulses of healthy humanity are warped into ruinous passions, and all the devils giggle with glee at the result.

The Talk Demon lays about him as of old with deadly effect. As in the days of Samson the jawbone of the ass slays its thousands. But the Dumb Devil adopts different tactics. He paralyzes the tongue so that it cannot utter what it should. For every person that has been slain by slander there is another that has been shriveled by silence. Many that are fluent to criticise are

dumb to praise. That is the devilish trick, and the Dumb Devil should be driven out of doors forthwith.

The tired wife and mother who knows no eight-hour law, drudges for a lifetime without a word of appreciation. A little praise from husband or children would sweeten the deadly toil and bring forth the roses of youth. The man who could be eloquent to get his wife loses his vocabulary after he attains. It is the Dumb Devil that has done the work and ought to be forcibly ejected. The Devil first makes a man silent, then selfish, then sinful.

The employer or the superintendent fears that praise will spoil the workmen, while the truth is that big heads are never produced by big hearts. Pat a man on the shoulder once in a while and tell him he has done a good job, and if he doesn't improve and become more loyal, it will not be your fault. If employes cannot stand prosperity, it is equally clear that lack of appreciation never produced loyalty.

In the office of a big New England concern there hangs a sign: "We believe in the product we make and we believe in the people we are working for." Beside that, there ought to have been another: "We believe in the goods we make because we believe in the men who help us to make them." The faithful servant ought to

have his "well done," when it is due and not when he can't hear it. One little posy during activity is better than a score of "At Rests" after death. Drive out the Dumb Devil while there is time. He only chills the hearts of your helpers and shrivels your own.

Who ever thinks of praising the maiden aunt or the grandmother or the mother-in-law? We borrow money from them and give them the baby to hold while we pursue our pleasure, but what is the use of telling them how we feel? The dear old men who sit or hobble around are in our way and we feel mighty virtuous because we do little odd things for them, but didn't they once have a better day? And do we not owe to them the best we have? Is it fair to climb up on their shoulders and then brag that we are so tall?

Drive out the Dumb Devil and the talk muscles will loosen in a flow of appreciation. The loneliest men in the world are the leaders. In politics, in journalism, in reform and in religion, who ever thinks of uttering the cheerful word to the leaders? Never fear, your true leader will not be slain by silence, but he will do you better service if you commend him once in a while. You know how to say in four languages what you do not like. For mercy's sake, learn to say what you do like if you have to take vocal lessons.

## XXXV

### PHINEAS PICKFLAW

HE cannot help it! The habit is as rooted as if he were an opium eater. He complains of everything, in all places, at all times. One might think he was the lineal descendant of Cato the Censor, and charged with the reformation of all mankind. The fact is, however, that his descent is from another direction entirely.

We trace our physical descent by traits and characteristics. We know our line of succession by the reappearance of the qualities of our ancestors. We suspect that we are descended from the lower animals because their traits and occasionally some of their physical organs persist in us. Human grunts, hisses and snarls point unerringly to that period of our physical existence when nature was "red in tooth and claw."

Phineas Pickflaw has an insect ancestry. He has sloughed off the physical organs of identification but his mind has preserved the family traits. Chief among these is the sharp-pointed proboscis. It is long and thin and sharp, and his habit is to insert this proboscis in the pore of his victim's skin and to bore and bore till he sets the poor

creature on edge. Phineas prefers the tender and sore spots. He can scent them out for miles, and when his torturing spear begins to sink deep, there is a comfortable sort of buzzing not unlike the song of the locust that proceeds apparently from an ingenious sounding board located in the rear end of the insect. He fattens on the bruised blood of his prey, and has in consequence made himself a nuisance and a menace to all living things.

Phineas Pickflaw is the human survival of his insect ancestor. All that evolution has brought to his development has served only to refine his cruelty. Nature has furnished him at great cost of time and effort, an excellent body, a capable and sometimes brilliant mind, and in most respects a splendid moral equipment. The only tragic thing about him is that he has inherited the poisoned proboscis of his insect ancestors, and lays about him with it, on all occasions. Like most of the activities of insects, his swordsmanship with this sharp instrument seems to be unconscious and automatic.

Phineas Pickflaw is an individualist. He establishes his own standards, and spends his days trimming every other person to his dimensions. He is perfectly honest about this. He would be shocked if one called him conceited and arbitrary, and he would be deeply grieved to be called un-

kind, but the truth is that he is all of these without knowing it. He really hasn't the sense of humor sufficient to make him reflect that he has faults perhaps even greater than those which he is seeking to amend.

And the queer thing is that when somebody touches one of his tender spots he jumps like a kangaroo, and his yelp can be heard for miles around. The one thing in all the world which this armored insect hates is a proboscis, and yet a single glance in some still spring would reveal one in his own head as long as an elephant's tusk.

The strangest thing of all is that Phineas Pickflaw confines his activities largely to those whom he really cares most about. He is like those insects described so wonderfully by Fabre and Maeterlinck, which devour their soul-mates after the requisite tribute has been exacted from them.

Phineas Pickflaw really means well. He will do anything for people he cares about — that is to say, he will feed, clothe, amuse, and provide for them with his last penny. He does not seem to be able to let his loved ones alone. He will provide a sumptuous feast for them, and the moment they are seated will begin his insectivorous operations until he succeeds in spoiling all the fun. He complains of the soup and the servant, of the children and the wife, until the whole company find it impossible to swallow.

In process of time everybody knows Phineas. He can be felt before he arrives. People brace themselves against the shock of him, and solemnly in their minds resolve to pay no attention to his attacks. He thus gets himself discredited and recoils at last in fretfulness and fault-finding that only add to his own secretions of gall and spleen.

Nature protects her own, and even as she gave Phineas Pickflaw his proboscis she also gives his victims an armor of defense. Nobody loves to cuddle a porcupine. Phineas Pickflaw will harden all the hearts he attacks if he is not careful. People may endure him, but they will not love him.

Two things which modern science affords may cure Phineas. First, if he could be hypnotized and made to see himself as he really is, the therapeutic suggestion might give the desired result. Or, the preliminary of a can of ether followed by a sharp scalpel might remove the unruly proboscis.



## XXXVI

### SECTS

THE modern cry for unity among churches grows out of the fact of denominationalism. The existence of manifold types of religious bodies, Catholic, Protestant and all others, marks the stages of human comprehension of divine facts and forces. Frail human nature has too often laid stress upon the points of difference, whereas the significant thing in denominationalism is the large area of common ground occupied by them all. Controversy over differences has been larger than complacency over agreements, and this has given rise to the generally accepted belief that the churches are fighting each other. As a matter of fact, they are not, at least in this day of tolerance and mutual understanding, but rather there is a determined effort to find and to enlarge the common ground.

A truth which we are likely to forget is that there is denominationalism in the field of every advancing science. New phenomena and deeper reflection divide the workers into camps upon this or that moot point. The theories, often conflicting, about the various aspects of natural science,

are but the creeds of honest scientific men whose knowledge of the universe is necessarily limited. No scientist can be dogmatic about the essence of magnetism, or the processes of thought, or the nature of light, simply because in some measure these things are shrouded in mystery. He knows in part and therefore can only prophesy in part. The field is dotted with camps, often hostile, which correspond accurately with denominations in religion. The prevalent view is what Sir Oliver Lodge calls the "orthodox" scientific theory. The heretic is the man with the new theory who must fight for his recognition.

There are denominations among students of our economic problems, for the same reason. They mark the stages of thought on the subject. Labor and capital are respectively divided into camps, too obviously unfriendly to each other, oftentimes. Employers of labor do not always agree as to the best policies. Employés are not by any means agreed as to those policies which are best for the working man. There are trade unionists, and the open-shop men, I. W. W., and a score of other wings of the general army.

Sometimes, like science and the church, they mistake their friends for the enemy and fire at each other, but it is plain that this is suicidal. All honest laboring men are seeking the same end, namely, the betterment of their condition as men

and as members of society. No true man wants to benefit himself at the expense of others' rights. If he does, he cannot become a just member of society.

The same thing is true of capital. A business has no authority to suspend the Ten Commandments for its own ends. It is a unit in the community and must consider others besides itself. Our adjustments in life are exceedingly delicate. When a worker or an employer demands for himself what is not justly his according to the law of economic balance, he deliberately takes what does not belong to him.

My right extends only up to the line of the other man's rights. Moreover, when I insist upon having what is not economically right for me to have, I make harder to get the things which my gain is intended to buy. If I get more pay and less hours of work, what advantage is it to me, if by that same means I make things more expensive? I do not say that this is always so; I am merely pointing out how delicate and how complex the whole situation is. It is not every tyro, capitalist or laboring man, that can settle the matter offhand.

Two things should be borne in mind always where differences exist. Partisan discussion alone both narrows and excites. When either capital or labor do all their discussing behind their bar-

racks, partisanship will grow in bitterness. When the exposure of the enemy's position means shot and shell, there can be no peace. Controversy never settled anything, for its sole purpose is to unsettle.

The other thing to remember is that a friendly conference, in the open, between parties at issue ought to be frequent before ever a blow is struck. Such conferences, conducted by sane men in a neighborly spirit, would enlarge the area of agreement, and would decrease the area of enmity, suspicion, and ignorance. Each side needs the other; neither side has all the truth or all the right; both sides quite likely are wrong in some respects. Constructive conference is never beneath the dignity of sincere men. The issues are large, the contestants are human beings, the problems are difficult. No man can afford to be dogmatic. The spirit of brotherly inquiry never fails of good results.

## XXXVII

### STEPHEN STARCH

ONE fact distinguishes Stephen Starch from all other men. He has a shirt-front where his backbone ought to be. His stiffening is in the wrong place. It ought to be at the back but he insists upon wearing it in front. Starchiness is not strength. It easily cracks and crumples and a few drops of water will put it out of business. Stephen Starch is all front and he stalks through the world like a mediæval knight with chain-armor on. He dares not bend for fear something will give way, and he therefore gives the impression of being a very artificial person. In fact he is imprisoned behind his mannerisms and it is hard to get a correct impression of the real man he is. He invariably persuades people that he is something different from what he actually appears, and this is why he often is rated at less than his exterior would seem to demand.

For example, he mistakes stiffness for dignity. He may be at heart the most approachable person in the world, but his starched front is a barricade which repels those who would like to get at him. Instead of being impressive, his excessive front

becomes effrontery. His manner plainly declares that he wishes to be accepted at a certain valuation, but he always produces the conviction that he is something less than his claim. He simply overdoes the thing, that is all. "Vaulting ambition o'er-leaps itself and falls on the other side."

There is something in our common human nature that resents statuesque strutting. Men like reality and Stephen Starch does not seem real to them. They cannot interpret his huff and puff of manner as sincerity. It looks too much like acting, and when people see a play they like to know the real persons behind the characters in the drama. Real dignity goes deeper than the starched and glazed exterior, is indeed ingrained in body, soul and mind. Genuine dignity moreover knows how to bend, for its very name means the faculty of making the action "worthy" of the occasion.

Stephen Starch's manner confesses his limitations. It plainly shows what he lacks. In polite society he is as unbending as a board. His shirt front keeps his chin up and he makes a very awkward figure. You cannot help fearing that he might break. It is quite plain that he lacks social elasticity. Look around any drawing-room where people are in evening dress and you will see Stephen standing in a corner somewhere — he dares not sit down — the whole expression of his

face and form shouting a prayer for flannels. He is unhappy and everybody knows it.

When Stephen speaks, his voice sounds strange and unnatural. His utterance is often oracular and monosyllabic, as though he feared that if he opened his mouth too wide, he might give himself away. He talks little because, contrary to Talleyrand, language was not invented to conceal our thoughts. It is astonishing how often Stephen Starch gives the impression of great wisdom. He is a good marksman, that is the reason. He will shoot an apt phrase into the conversation occasionally, and it hits the large subject at some spot without any particular difficulty. His average is high because he does not shoot often. We get more credit for virtue from the things we do not do than from the things we do.

Starchiness and strength are two different things. The former is external and artificial and supports nothing but itself. Strength is like a backbone that is rigidity relieved by cartilage. It is concealed, but it supports the whole body, adapting itself to every need.

If Stephen Starch would come out from behind his armor and take a few exercises in gymnastics, he would soon discover his real self and be surrounded by many people who would appreciate him at his true value.

## XXXVIII

### THE TAIL LIGHT

THE dim red light on the rear of the automobile is the only sign of danger and the only one to benefit by it is the man behind. It does no good to the driver. True it is that the driver has brilliant lights to show him the way for many feet, but in spite of this, accidents continually happen, and when the smash comes the only gleam of light left is the tail light, and it does no good to the victim.

Here is the exemplification of the old truth that the hind-sight is better than foresight. The red warning to those behind is more effective than the white light on the way ahead. It is a strange phenomenon, but there are many who take their wildest chances when the light is at its full. The garish brilliancy seems to hypnotize them and they plunge ahead as if safety had no natural boundaries. It is a sad fact of automobiling and of life, that increase of light does not mean the decrease of wrecks. People "go to it" with their eyes open and "hit it up" with the light turned on.

The danger signal seems to be in the wrong place. It ought to be in front where the driver



can see it. Why pay so heavy a penalty for the safety of the man behind? Ask the man who has gone over the dam, "Why did you do it?" "Didn't you think of this?" "Didn't you realize what this would bring you to?" "Why didn't you think of your friends?" The answer is always the same, "I don't know how I came to do it; I just did it, and that is all I can tell you." Then comes a flood of contrition and sorrow, pitiful to see. It is all the same with financial and moral loss. The light was blazing ahead and the road was as plain as noonday, but it was better to follow an impulse and pull wide the throttle. No matter if it takes a lifetime to recoup the fortune, the man must have his little fling, with only a ghost of a show of "getting by."

And the man behind? Does he see the dim red light? And does he heed it? Not as a rule. The speedway of life is punctuated with tumbled wrecks whose lurid danger lights still stare at the oncomers, but on the whole it is doubtful if the speed has sensibly diminished. It does seem sometimes that the only way to get an idea into some heads is by the process of concussion of the brain. Nothing short of a cracked skull seems to effect an entrance.

People will travel the short-cuts, although they know the pitfalls. Men and women leave the beaten track to cross lots and invariably get stuck

fast in the mire. The old macadam road of honesty, purity, patience and hard work takes a little more time, but it is always safe and the best men of the earth have driven an honorable course over it. It doesn't pay to get there too quickly. The head light is good, of course, but the tail light is a warning. Every driver ought to stop his machine once in a while, get out and take a long look at his tail light.

## XXXIX

### POLLY PETULANT

HER music is all staccato and there is no rhythm in her soul. In the orchestra of life she perpetually beats a drum, and with such violence that she not only mars the harmony but upsets the equanimity of all the other players. Something has so hastened the speed of her nerves that all her efforts come in fits and gusts. She hurls herself at people and projects herself with such vigor that she invariably overturns what she sought merely to manipulate.

Polly Petulant is impatient, irritable, and pettish and her militant approach to life is always destructive in spite of her avowed philanthropy. Her aims are all good but she is a poor marksman. She so scatters her shot that she peppers and irritates her game instead of bringing it down. She flies at people so petulantly that she establishes in them an instant opposition. Her children are familiar with her tone and method and are often as impertinent as she is impatient. It is a universal law that action and reaction are mutually related and people usually get back what they send. It is the simple truth to say that Polly

Petulant is largely responsible for the disobedience and bad manners of her children. She fed them sour grapes and it is no wonder that their teeth are set on edge. Whine to a hound-pup and it will not be long before he joins in the refrain.

The people who have business dealings with Polly Petulant testify that they always have to brace themselves before approaching her. Her snappish manner arouses their resentment, and the only reasons why they do not return the broadside, are purely financial. They would talk back if they dared. As it is, they keep silent, conceal their disgust as well as possible, and plan to render her as little service as is consistent with the strict letter of honesty. She does not inspire affection, and nobody works for her overtime without pay. There is nothing mean about Mistress Polly except her manner; and yet, just because of her manner, she gets charged with every other species of meanness in the catalogue.

Her husband has long since become inured to her petulance and impatience. At first it produced a shock, then he began to shoot back, but now he takes to the storm cellar, so to speak, until the tornado has passed. He has about decided that one neurasthenic in the family is enough, and that when he takes unto himself words, it will be about something worth while.

In all this Polly Petulant is immensely the loser.

She is really a very estimable person and there are reasons enough why the cares of life should weigh somewhat heavily upon her. She has merely allowed the habit of petulance to grow upon her until the habit is master of her. She is often unaware of her irritability and is surprised to learn that she has caused any resentment. She is short and crisp and "crackly" without knowing it, but she ought to comprehend that self-respecting people see no reason why they should stand it. Bad manners are worse in a fine lady like Mistress Polly than in an ignorant boor.

Polly Petulant has lost her self-control and that is why she is losing all her friends. Her shrewish manner is destroying all the sentiment and all the discipline of her home. No poet writes sonnets to a lady in temper, and no troubadour sings madrigals to a common scold.

We get out of life and of people about what we put into them, and with all her gifts Polly Petulant ought to have a much greater treasure than she has heretofore gathered. A little more poise, a little more patience, perhaps a little more prayer, would soften her whole nature into wondrous winsomeness. The only power in the universe is the power of personality, and "greater is he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city."

## XL

### BUCKSKINS

IT is a healthy word! There is something about it that suggests bucking bronchos, whirling lariats, and whizzing bullets. Its very smell is of action, and a sniff is enough to produce a snort of impatience like unto that of the tethered war-steed. It swings into view the reaches of the unconquered open with its challenge to men of spirit. Soft raiment? Nay, they that wear soft raiment are in kings' houses.

But buckskin! There's a ring to the word! Something that harks back to the desert, and "locusts and wild honey," and "the girdle of camel's hair." Verily buckskin is a man's garment and delicate sensibilities would be smothered therein.

Civilization must perforce discard the outer garment but it can never afford to lose the buckskin virtues. Outer polish without the inner ruggedness makes a degenerate, and this is the danger of progress. Woe to that generation which knows not how to use its conquests! Success is a deadlier enemy than failure.

There is such a thing as having all things and yet possessing nothing. A man can literally gain

the whole world and lose his own soul, because in getting the world he may have dulled his finer sensibilities. What is the use of groaning tables without appetite? What were all the sights and sounds without eyes and ears? The poor rich man is he who has given for his wealth his faculty of joy in the finer things. Like Faust, he learns too late that in the barter he has been cheated. The rich poor man may lack for the things of the flesh, but the eyes of his soul are never dim.

The arts of peace and of progress make for softness. Things gotten easily paralyze effort. The short cut has many pitfalls, and the longest way around is the shortest way home. The real handicap in life is not that we must strive incessantly for the necessities of life, but that we find the necessities at hand without the need of the striving.

That is the ideal state which combines the highest refinement with the greatest ruggedness. The buckskin virtues of courage, honesty, patience, and comradeship are the touchstones upon which modern life will be tested.

## XLI

### THE BULLY

THERE is a deal of bullying in the world and evolution will not have her perfect work until it is eliminated. In its coarser aspects bullying is the primacy of "beef." Brute force is its law. When the stern parent asked the inverted boy, a moment before the blow descended, "My son, do you know why I am punishing you?" the boy replied, "Yes, sir, 'cause you are bigger than me." If that was the case, it was not a father but Bullying Beef at work.

Everybody hates a bully. When a big lout punches a little fellow, and a third man knocks the coward down, even the most pious among us cannot help tuning up on the Hallelujah chorus. Fair play is the elemental passion of the normal human heart. A bully is one who does things because he has the power to do them.

There are, also, two kinds of bullies, male and female. When a father brow-beats his boy, or feels that he must be gruff in order to preserve his authority, or refuses to cultivate the confidence of his son — insists, in short, upon being obeyed because he happens to issue the command, that man



is a bully and a fool at the same time. He will be obeyed while he is on hand to enforce, but obedience will cost the respect of his loved ones, and he will sooner or later find that force cannot keep what force has acquired. Many a boy has been lost to noble manhood, not because the father was morally bad, but because he was a bully. You cannot raise a boy in a strait-jacket. A man who can't be a chum with his boy is either a weakling or a bully. Mothers sometimes lose their daughters from sheer bullying. Willfulness is never strength and reasonableness is always a virtue. To lay impossible standards upon a growing girl is to breed rebellion. The girl who says, "Oh, there is no use asking mother about it, I know what she will say," may be wholly lost to filial feeling or she may have a mother who bullies. Heaven knows that with the changing conditions, the problem of parenthood was never so acute. Never was firmness in the right so necessary to a parent. The automobile has killed the ancient picnic, and the ugly freak dancing has driven off the former stateliness and rhythm. In spite of this, parental fairness is better than bullying.

Bullying is consciousness of power and of nothing else, and when it sows the wind it ought to reap the whirlwind. Might must sometimes be used, to be sure, but only in the defense of right after every expedient has been tried. The mod-

ern newspaper is the greatest public educator in the world. Its influence over the public mind is enormous. It may make or mar a reputation in a single issue. It may succor or destroy in large measure parties and movements in the city's life. The editor who uses such power for selfish ends is a bully and sooner or later a bully greater than he will arise with tombstones in his kit. Public opinion absolutely determines the character of the papers it reads.

Lastly, and very gently, I would rather be clubbed by a lead pipe than by a mood. What right have you to work off your grouch on me? Why must I be bullied and bruised by your aches and pains? There are a lot of sick folks who feel sorry for themselves and think they are to be pitied; when really they are just plain everyday bullies. Do you remember when you used to come home from school and the hired girl met you at the door with a bunch of sibilant "Sh's"? Aunty had a headache or mother's nerves were off color. You had to tip-toe out and didn't dare to yell till you got half a mile away.

Everybody sympathizes with really sick people, but nobody ought to sympathize when all the illness is in the imagination. We can have almost any disease we wish if we only think about it long enough. I have known some instances where a buck-saw and a cord of wood, or a wash-board

would have cured some obstinate cases of nerves. When all the doctors in the world cannot tell what is the matter with you the chances are that you are all right if you will only think so. Bullying is brutality and a bully is a disgrace to his kind.

## XLII

### PRUDISHNESS

LET's admit the charge at once. Prudishness will be charged as the source of some of the things in this article. There be some, also, who will accuse the writer of fault-finding. It is a striking fact that prudishness is always charged up to those who are over-sensitive in the right direction. Nobody ever accused a fight promoter or a dive-keeper of prudishness. That is something. Besides, "knocking" is generally the charge leveled at Progress. A stand-patter never knocks. He is satisfied with the established order. And that is something more.

Is a woman knocking when she cleans house? Is she prudish when she applies the cleanser — Dutch or otherwise? In the current spirit of housecleaning, why not tackle a few of the spots? We do not have to dispose of the sun; it's only of the spots. That is boosting.

Let's begin with our shop windows. Unless I am mistaken we are dealing with eternally serious things when we reflect upon the objects that meet our passing view. Psychology tells us the brain never forgets. Human knowledge is nine-tenths

observation with the eye. It is an artistic sin to display to the popular gaze objects that reveal human weaknesses. It sometimes goes further than this and becomes ethical sin. A window full of cork legs and trusses is ugly and therefore bad morals. A display of secret anatomical devices produces a feeling of disgust and ought to be prohibited by law. People who need such things know where to get them. Those who do not, ought to be kept in ignorance of their neighbor's weakness.

As a first-rate prude, I raise the question as to whether the knowledge of some of these things may not produce a positively bad impression on the young. A visitor from Mars gazing in some of our store windows might suppose that the entire population of both sexes were clothed solely in corsets and underwear. Anybody whose poise is disturbed by such displays ought of course to consult a specialist.

I maintain, however, that it is bad taste, bad art, and in the end inculcates a subtle pruriency. For mercy's sake, let us keep a little bit of mystery. I don't want to see the scar on your left shoulder-blade. Unlike Mark Twain's negro boy, I don't want to see your sore toe. Undergarments and aids to the physically incomplete are personal matters like taking a bath or brushing the teeth. These things are proper and nec-

essary, but we don't locate our bath rooms on the front veranda. Prude or no prude, I am convinced that all such displays as I have named are plainly disgusting, and I do not know just where the boundary line is between æsthetics and ethics. Of course there are much worse things than this. There is abundant room for assault upon the modern dress of women. A heavy score will have to be paid here some day, and decent women would do well to feel a deeper sense of moral responsibility. Fashion more than once has made a pure woman the instrument of moral poison. Filthy literature is flooding our cities. I have seen some of the unspeakably nasty stuff. I am only saying and saying it with vehemence, let no individual or no concern add any object that leaves the impress of ugliness or suggestion. If that is prudery, then I await with Dutch courage the missiles.

## XLIII

### IF I WERE A BOY

IF I were a boy, I would glory in my boyhood. I would feel sorry for the fellows who were men before their time. The only real kids are the chaps who try to appear as men when everybody knows they are only half-baked. It takes more than a cigarette, a silk sock, and a sinister slant to the hat, to make a real man. There is a real dignity to boyhood and I would do my best to uphold it. The only mature men fit to live with are those who have never ceased to be boys at heart.

If I were a boy I would be some kind of an athlete. If I couldn't make the team, I would work with the squad until they fired me, and then I would try something else. If everybody laughed at me and called me a chump, it would only make me mad enough to resolve to prove them fools. I would rather be a temporary chump than a permanent fool any day.

The biggest reward in athletics and in life, is not the prize but the effort. Many a loser has been a real winner because of the fight he put up. If I were a boy again, I would avoid the "fits and starts" method. I wouldn't be a student for

two days, then loaf four days and take the next week to catch up. I would do the thing steadily, so as to form the habit, careful of course not to overwork. During a quiet study-period once, there came suddenly a sound like a bomb. Locating the boy I asked the cause. "This darn geometry!" said a red-faced boy. He had become muddled and struck the book a rousing blow with his fist.

That didn't help the geometry lesson but it gave the chance to suggest something about sparring.

The worst thing a prize-fighter can do, unless he wants to be knocked out, is to get mad. A course of steady, patient training will bring the victory a good deal better. In the case just mentioned the first knock down was scored for the geometry. If I were a boy, I wouldn't allow a teacher I didn't like to spoil my education. I had one once and I wouldn't work for him. I guess he is laughing at me still. I wasn't working for him, bless you, but for myself! If I had it to do over again, I should get my work done so well that there would be time to bring him a few problems that would make him work for me. It isn't easy, but it is better to work than to shirk when you don't like the teacher.

If I were a boy, I wouldn't be a cheap "sport." A cheap "sport" has a wide mouth and a narrow brain. The only polish he has in on his shoes.



He is a compound of equal parts of swagger and bluff. In a pinch he always strikes out. Everything he knows is off color and he hasn't the sense to be ashamed of it. He is the fool who thinks that a fellow has to be dirty in order to be manly. When he comes around, all decent people hasten to spray themselves with an antiseptic.

If I were a boy, I should take a secret vow of knighthood. I should try to be courteous to the aged, helpful to the distressed, and polite to my inferiors. To the girls of my acquaintance I should try always to be chivalrous. I should sometimes think of what my mother was at their age, and occasionally glance forward to Her that is to be. I should associate in my mind strength with purity, and I should fix as my ideal that no girl should trust my strength and find me wanting.

## XLIV

### REUBEN RANCID

"THE hoary head is a crown of glory," but the test of old age is the state of its heart. To compass a long term of years is not enough to command the reverence of men. The test of a life is not the cyclometer which records the stretch of the miles, but the thermometer which reports the warmth of the affections. It is not that which tells how far a man has traveled but that which records what the journey has made of him. The varied incidents of life are but the ingredients out of which a spirit is brewed. Happy is that man whose wine of life in his declining years is fruity and sparkling, and wretched is he who presses bitter draughts to the lips of his friends.

Reuben Rancid is an old man now but the rewards of a gentle and glorious old age are not for him. He does not shed abroad a genial and other-worldly glow which always transfigures those who come within its radiance. The children are not quite sure of him. His moods of tenderness too easily change to rasping, and older folk are always on the alert lest they fail to defer to him.

Honorable in all his dealings with men, Reuben

Rancid has, I fear, become a tyrant, albeit a benevolent tyrant, as the phrase goes. No man can lay a charge against his outward virtues, and yet it almost seems as though the very strictness with which he has preserved these virtues, has bred in him a harsh and unlovely spirit.

Why is it so often true that a sinner is so much easier to live with than a saint? And can that be a virtue which twists and sours the soul? The prodigal who outraged all virtue in the downward course from the father's home to the husks and swine, showed in the end a finer spirit than the selfish, sulky elder brother who revolved in the orbit of his petty virtues and never left the farm.

Men will insist on putting law before grace, things before thoughts, deeds before spirit. Keeping all the commandments from youth up does not prevent the one thing lacking that may shut the door of the Kingdom in a man's face.

I am afraid this is the case with Reuben Rancid. He has poured into his soul the wrong ingredients and fermentation has done its worst. Instead of a cheering has come an acrid product, which too often comes to the surface.

Reuben Rancid has minded his own business so well that he has never had the proper interest in other people's affairs. His virtues are all private; therefore, he has never developed any public spirit. He has been all his life an individual

among his fellows, never a compatriot with them. The waters of his life have run in a narrow channel between steep banks, and have now in his later life emptied into an inland lake which often grows stagnant. He has rarely overflowed his banks. Naturally therefore, there are few oases along his desert course. His husbanded energies have lengthened the course of his life, but in the rocky basin where it ends the waters rapidly grow rancid.

Social, civic, and church activities have always seemed a waste of energy to Reuben Rancid. "Why add to a hard business day an evening of wearing and exciting care in this or that movement? A man ought to take care of himself." Reuben has never learned that a man's wealth is reckoned in terms of his spirit as well as in terms of his earthly possessions. In spending all his energies to become materially solvent, he has become spiritually insolvent. He has never invested in causes and in men, and he gets no perpetual dividends in joy and affection.

In looking out for his own, Reuben Rancid has developed a keenness of thrift which has easily fermented into suspicion. Never having given himself to others, he naturally does not know how to trust people. He always suspects an ulterior purpose. He is constantly casting reflections upon the sincerity of others. This man is philan-

thropic for a purpose. That man is in it for what he gets out of it. Sometimes he imputes the lowest motives to both men and women, without the slightest justification. He prides himself on his keen intuition in discovering the character of his acquaintances, when in all this he is really exhibiting his own petty nature. The man who imputes wrong things to people without evidence, is only declaring loudly the state of his own mind. His judgment of others is a plain declaration of what he would do or think under similar circumstances.

Nothing is so sad as an unlovely old age. To see the pure ingredients of life grow rancid in the soul of man is the tragedy of the human family. The disintegration of virtues into vices, thrift into meanness, power into tyranny, keenness into suspicion, love into fleshliness, ambition into selfishness,—is the saddest sight a mortal can behold. “What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?”

## XLV

### FRAGMENTS

LIFE is a mosaic and the component parts are but fragments. Each fragment taken by itself is quite useless and insignificant. Pieced into the other fragments, the design soon appears, if one has the eye to see. Every little scrap has its place in the plan, and it will mar the pattern if not treated fairly. We do well to take seriously the odds and ends of time and of experience and of opportunity. The great deeds of history have been enacted in an incredibly short time, indeed have turned oftentimes on the merest trifles. More than one battle has been lost or won by the nail in the horse's shoe. Gettysburg and Waterloo were but fragments of two long and bitter campaigns, but such fragments! They reversed all previous expectations and all previous victories, and sent the stream of history plunging and surging along new channels.

The very next adventure may have hidden within it the potency of an epoch. An eighteen-year-old boy dropped accidentally into a church in London a generation ago, and the result was the world-wide ministry of Charles H. Spurgeon. I

guess, after all, there are no accidents. Accidents merely fall out while incidents fall into the unseen but compelling plan. Better not trifle with the fragments; they are loaded and may easily blow the design into smithereens.

Our museums and art galleries the world over contain for the most part only fragments. A stray picture, a piece of mosaic, a broken statue, a cracked and half-faded inscription, but through these fragments we are able in great measure to see and to feel again "the glory that was Greece, the grandeur that was Rome." I saw in the Guildhall in London the other day a shoe dug deep from the soil of the city. It belonged to a Roman lady in the era before Christ. It was only a worthless fragment, but it brought near the civilization of two millenniums ago.

In a very large sense the great works of literature were the products of chance moments and the fruit of the fragments of opportunity. Shakespeare never dreamed that he was composing deathless literature. He was the prince of all pot-boilers, never blotting a line, knowing "little Latin and less Greek," but constructing out of the fragments of history at his command that body of writing which is at once the despair and the crown of humanity.

George Grote was taken from school at sixteen and put to business, but by use of the odds and

ends of time and chance, was able to interpret to his fellow men the Greek mind as it never had been revealed before. Our own Emily Dickinson of Amherst left only two tiny volumes of verse, each piece a mere fragment, but only the last Great Assize will tell how many hearts she set a-singing.

It was a wise man who said, "Gather up the fragments that nothing may be lost." Fate never hands us a year or a month at a time, but doles out to us petty moments, one at a time. Real wastefulness is throwing away this loose change of our capital. The man who gorges himself solely on newspapers swallowed whole, deserves the dyspepsia which his gluttony engenders. There is a vast difference between a "feed" and a nourishing meal. To-day the little opportunities for self-improvement, for material advancement, for spiritual growth, for the practice of brotherhood, lie loose around us. Have we the sense to see the pattern of the mosaic and piece them together into a unity? It was Sidney Lanier who spoke of "the littles that large life compound."



## XLVI

### GABRIEL GRUMP

His jaw and the lines of his mouth speak plainly of strength tinged with bitterness, and his eyes are heavy with reproach. The world is out of joint to Gabriel Grump, and he makes his way in and out among men and institutions clothed in an atmosphere of final judgment. The things he sees are so plain that he marvels that none but himself should see them. Every company, when it can, avoids him, and when it cannot, endures him. The person who has been cornered by him never forgets the experience, and never repeats it.

Gabriel Grump has the unhappy faculty of casting a wet blanket over his friends, and he comes perilously near to being a bore and a nuisance. This is all the more regrettable because he is really a man of fine parts and much knowledge of the best things in life and culture. In other words, his ingredients are all right, but he makes a bad mixture of them. Character and temperament are like confections which depend so greatly upon the proportions in which they are put together. Too much sweetness cloy, and too

much spice stings the taste. Personality has its flavor and Gabriel Grump leaves a bad taste in the mouth. There is often a thin line between our virtues and our vices. A virtue overdone easily becomes a vice. Thrift must stop before it reaches stinginess; sensuous enjoyment easily lapses into sensuality, and even religious devotion may become unsocial.

Gabriel Grump has let his virtues run into vices. Perhaps his most conspicuous quality is his power of concentration. Now, everybody knows that the chief cause of human failure is lack of concentration. Men and women grow weary in well-doing. They lack the character and the will to see their tasks in all their dimensions, and to carry them through to successful fulfillment. They do things by fits and starts and the results are consequently fragmentary. But Gabriel Grump has too much concentration. He sees only the thing he is doing and his work divorces him from all other workers.

He has dug so far into his mine that he no longer hears the picks of other toilers, and he stays so closely within the limits of his own job that he has long since forgotten that others are doing work quite as important as his.

The joy of all life is fellowship. The deepest curse that ever falls to human lot is loneliness. Crime is bred of isolation and individualism.

"Each man for himself and the devil take the hindmost," and "Auld Nickie Ben" is not slow to see his chance and picks them off one by one. Men always go to perdition in single file. Our catch phrases are often misleading. "On the job," and "keeping everlastingly at it," have their limits as maxims. The best way sometimes to keep "on the job" is to get off of it. There are two factors here, the man and the job, and it is certainly better to have a fresh man at work than to make both the man and the job stale. One of the best ways of "keeping everlastingly at it" is to stop the machinery and "coast." It is a poor automobile or bicycle that cannot store up enough energy to run a little while without pumping.

It is just this mistake that Gabriel Grump makes. He has grown morbid at his work and his very intensity has worn his temper to fringes. He rails at men's lack of sympathy, when as a matter of fact he has done a poor job by overdoing it. His work has gotten on his nerves and he, in turn, has gotten on everybody else's nerves. Unconsciously Gabriel Grump has narrowed his sphere by dwelling wholly within it, and he has developed an unsocial and unprofitable egotism which thrusts his friends from him. If he is not careful, he will go down to his grave a disgruntled and disappointed man. The springs

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of joy are fed from many sources far apart, and they keep sweet only by overflow. The blessedness of life is work, and the heart of the blessedness is fellowship with our kind.

## XLVII

### AGITATION

SCIENTISTS tell us that the solid earth came originally from gas. This gas was once white hot, and endowed with a sort of whirlpool motion. If this is so it puts a new valuation upon one of our current phrases. Hot air has heretofore been supposed to warm up nobody except the hot-air "artist." There is evidently a kind of hot air that contains the promise and potency of an ordered universe. The difference is one of consistency. Mere talk for talk's sake begins with nothing and ends nowhere, because out of nothing, nothing can proceed. But if the talk has the solid elements of truth in solution, the nebular theory of science is vindicated. Words spoken may seem to cease with the reverberation, but as a matter of fact, by another well established law called conservation of energy, the truth will condense into a consistent mass all its scattered particles, and a solid result emerge.

All the talk about abolition of slavery a generation ago seemed hot air to the vested interests, but the Civil War and the Emancipation Procla-

mation shook those same interests to their deepest foundations.

Every achievement in invention, in reform, in education, has been preceded by a period of discussion issuing most often in demonstration of the negative and in ridicule. Men now living can remember when Edison was tolerated as a benevolent idiot, but only a few years were needed to establish securely upon his throne the Wizard of Electricity.

Voltaire, the scoffer-in-chief of all history, laughed Newton to scorn for his prediction that man would some day travel at the rate of thirty miles an hour. Now any last year's automobile can turn the joke on Voltaire.

There is only one "real Simon Pure" visionary in these days and that is the man who declares that anything is impossible. It takes a powerful amount of speculation to reason away the possibilities stowed away in the make-up of men and things. Photographs are taken in the dark; telephones and telegraphs are operated without wires; X-rays take the eyes farther than the optic nerve can reach, and radium makes possible the belief in Moses' bush that burned without consuming itself.

Wonders are the commonplace of modern life because men are finding that the laws of nature are greater than any of their phenomena. Agitate

any impossibility long enough and its reasonableness will eventually appear, if it is not set against nature. A thing is never impossible because it never occurred.

Every age of advance whether in freedom of thought or in enlargement of life and of government, has been preceded by the chill of skeptical speculation, but it was that very chill that was needed to condense the particles of truth and release the solid substance from the mere hot air.

What is the outcome of all our talk about a newer and better social order? Is it "words, words, words," and nothing more? The answer is precise and scientific. If the elements of truth are there, the precipitate will surely come in time. Let us keep talking about the better time to come and let us hear every man who has a serious word to say in bringing it to pass. Silence will throttle any good cause, but intelligent and courageous utterance has the potency of solid achievement.

## XLVIII

### INCOMPETENCE

THE sin of the world, as true as you live, is incompetence. Ninety-nine per cent. of the failure in the world, moral, industrial, and personal, is due to incompetence. A lot of suffering does not deserve human sympathy because a little bit of effort could have prevented it. A large proportion of hard luck stories grow out of incompetence. You may examine case after case and in nearly every one of them there was a point at which a little self-mastery and courage would have turned the tide.

There is a sense in which all the sins in the ten commandments are the direct outgrowth of incompetence. The man who has not the will to do right, but who is swayed by the impulses of the moment, finds, not only ten, but a hundred doors of crime and sin flung wide open to him. Temptation is strong, to be sure, but it is never effective until the will breaks down. The inducements are often overwhelming, and one can see how poor human nature might fail, but in the end the fact remains that we consent to our own deeds and to the consequences that flow from them. The



temptation to steal can assume the most alluring aspects, almost wiping out the line between right and wrong, but in the last analysis, the man who steals knows he is stealing, and if he fails he confesses moral incompetence.

The same is true of every other vice in the catalogue. There is no one of us pure enough to hurl stones at another, and there are many times when the sin elicits our profoundest sympathy. The contention, however, is not vitiated by this fact. If we could not help doing wrong, we may not be held accountable, but the fact of our incompetence still remains. A great deal of false sympathy is often expended upon those who go wrong. We are participants in the crime of others when we so sympathize with the suffering which their wrong-doing brings, as to obscure the guilt of their sin. Sympathy, so to speak, has two faces. One of them bears the marks of suffering, understanding, and kindness. The other is marked by the lineaments of final judgment. True sympathy always suffers with the person, and, at the same time, frowns everlastingly upon the sin.

Why is it that so large a majority of men who go into business fail? Why is it that so many men at forty-five are still living from hand to mouth? There is much to be said in explanation of this condition by the iniquity in social, indus-

trial, and business conditions, but these will not explain anything like all the failures. It is safe to say that most people are poor because they are incompetent. They fail to take their work seriously, and fail to invest themselves thoroughly in their work. Here is a young man who cannot be satisfied with any job he has because something goes wrong. He doesn't like this particular kind of work; he doesn't like his boss; he believes he can do better somewhere else. A thousand and one little irritations have their way with him. The result is that he is soon found at odds with his situation, and is therefore incapable of putting his best self into it. An old book says that a double-minded man is unstable in all his ways.

A campaign cannot be prosecuted on despair, and a job cannot successfully be administered on discontent. Things that grow to a sturdy maturity strike roots deep into the ground, and it takes time for roots to grow. Watch the average clerk in many of our stores. You can pick out in an instant the man and woman who are interested in their work and who succeed in interesting you. Most of the others cannot even tell you where the other departments are. Ask the girl at the ribbon counter where the shoes are, and all she can do is to show you her own. Interrogate the spruce gentleman at the shirt counter, and he will have to call the floorwalker to tell you where the base-

ment is. Every job has what the Greeks called a series of side-jobs, and no man knows his own job until he knows the side-jobs also.

People run into ruts because they prefer to, and the monotony and failure of life are often due to mental and moral and business incompetence. Perhaps the need of every man and woman is to take the place now occupied, with all its drawbacks, and stay by it until the best is gotten out of it. No place in life is without its limitations. No man works in a perfect atmosphere, but every calling has within it two great potentialities. The first is that which offers the chance of doing a really significant work in the world, and the second is that which presents to the worker the opportunities of developing a substantial business and moral competency.

The man who gets a big job is usually the man who makes a little job big by the spirit he puts into it. Discontent and halfheartedness are the outgrowths of incompetence.

## XLIX

### PARENTS

ARE your children starting off for school this week? Here are two bits of advice, that seem contradictory. First, don't sign over your child to any school, or any teacher. Second, don't interfere with those from whom you expect results. By the first I mean that you cannot by any law shift the responsibility for the welfare and growth of your child to any institution or to any individual, secular or sacred. It is a tragedy for any child when the teacher is forced to become a parent. It is a lamentable fact that a vast number of parents send their children to school to get rid of them. They cannot stand the wear and tear, and thereby demonstrate their unfitness to be true parents. Talk to your boy about his studies and help him with them. If he knows more than you do, have a little pride for his sake and catch up with him. To do this, spare a little time from the club or the pink tea, if necessary. First thing you know the boy will be far ahead of you in all ways and you will present the pitiable spectacle of barking at his heels the rest of your life.

Keep in sympathetic touch with the girl's life

at school. Show her that you are not a back number. Don't tell her how it was when you were a girl, for as surely as you do, she will use that as a reason why she should not follow your advice. She knows, if you don't, that times have changed. When your daughter says wearily, "Mother always tells me how she used to do when she was a girl," you are beginning to lose your hold on her.

Especially, parents ought to make the home atmosphere a bracer for school life. Don't bury your head in a newspaper or discuss the family problems all the time. Do you wish to know why the children want to go out every evening? Why, bless you, there isn't anything to stay in for. You don't keep up with their school and social life and they haven't caught up with the family life as you see it, and there you are!

By the second piece of advice, I mean, don't meddle with the persons whom you have hired to do your work. Take it for granted that the school and the teacher are going to do the best by your children. You don't dictate to the plumber or the doctor, but you can always tell when their work is successful. Give them time to get results and if the results are not satisfactory, begin with a friendly conference. Move slowly to drastic measures. You and the teacher are partners in the biggest business on earth,—

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namely, the rearing of your child. You ought to be friends for the child's sake. Teachers are not all saints but they measure up pretty well with parents. Both have been known to be disagreeable. Maybe if you had to manage forty human wind-mills each turning at a different angle and all at full speed, you might occasionally get on edge yourself.

Keep close to the teacher, and both you and the teacher keep close to the child.

## L

### "WHEELS"

"THAT fellow's got wheels in his head"—such is the homespun verdict, and it beats the world how often slang hits the bull's-eye. Slang, like a straight line, is the shortest distance between two points, the object and the observer. To use the phrase of Shakespeare, slang approaches the object on "the plain highway of talk." It possesses two great characteristics, that of seeing its object clearly and that of expressing it pictorially.

Whoever first invented the phrase, "wheels in the head," was a philosopher for observation and a poet for expression. That expression exactly describes the situation. Nerve centers govern the body and habits make nerve centers run automatically.

A habit of whining starts a wheel in the head, and soon an honest stomach is made sour and the whole spirit poisoned. Nothing is more pitiable than a man or woman going up and down the earth snarling at everything in sight. It is first an act wholly governable; then it becomes a habit and a whirling wheel in the head swings about the

whole body at will. It is another case of the tail wagging the dog. Our nervous systems are made of sensitive stuff, and we cannot trifle with them without paying a heavy penalty. Besides, it is a solemn fact that what we are we make ourselves.

What we do once we are likely to do twice, and when we have done a thing three times, we have started a wheel spinning in our heads. A single indulgence may not be serious, but the chances are a thousand to one that it is the first spoke in the wheel. Pleasure, like a bicycle, should always be kept under us with our stout hands on the handle-bars.

Good deeds also work the same way. Do them several times and they set up a tendency which is hard to overcome.

With honest people, honesty is automatic. With pure folk, purity is automatic. With industrious men, thrift is second nature.

Mr. Rockefeller says that the secret of acquiring wealth is to get a little money and then make that money work for you. It is precisely so with our habits. Acquire a good one and it becomes a wheel and will work for us without being told. Acquire a bad one and it will whirl us toward the brink, and will keep us busy pushing against its pressure. We spend most of our vitality in combating habits which we foolishly allowed ourselves to form. They are whizzing wheels within us



and we are constantly mutilated in our efforts to stop them.

Character is the sum total of the wheels in our heads. If they are good ones they drive us far on our journey and are a constant source of comfort and protection. If they are bad ones they keep us on the bridge day and night, and we are powerless in the end to prevent wreck.

Are you a nagger? There's a wheel in your head.

Are you a whiner? There's a wheel in your head.

Are you a libertine, or drunkard, or a liar telling falsehoods or half-truths? There's a wheel in your head.

Or, are you kind and generous and helpful, pure and industrious, hopeful and good? If you are, thank God for the wheels which keep you running.

## LI

### HIRAM HECKLE

GENEALOGICALLY, he is a cross between a wasp and a red-pepper box. Wherever he goes he stings, and he can scatter more cayenne than any man within the diameter of the county. His choppy finger is in every pie with a fatal effect upon the pie's usefulness. Hiram snorts and chortles over the waste he has made and "He puts in his thumb and pulls out a plum, and says, 'What a good boy am I!'"

Hiram Heckle has his vices where his virtues ought to be. For instance, he is an early riser and an abstemious man, but he dragoons these virtues in the service of his faults. Some people think that he gets up early in order to have a longer time to heckle others, and that his abstemiousness is a well-laid scheme to keep him in condition for his job.

At home Hiram is a rat-tail file in action. Of course, he buys the children's clothes and pays the grocery bill, but that only gives him moral support for all his fault-finding and nagging. The domestic arrangements are all geared to Hiram's whims and moods. Every plan runs up against

his peculiarities, and a snarl or a growl from him is enough to make all the family scamper into obscurity. Of all the tyrants in the world the most despicable is the man who can get the consent of his mind to be merely the unappellate boss of his own loved ones. He makes the stupid mistake of using their dependence upon him as a club, rather than as an investment in their affection.

In his business Hiram Heckle is fussy and unsettling. He will issue a commission to an employé and every six minutes by the clock he will repeat instructions and ask questions, until the man feels as though a large June-bug were buzzing about his ears continually. It is impossible to get work done by working up a man into a fever. Give the task to a competent man, hold him responsible for its execution and then let him alone. A lot of people think they are busy when they are only buzzing busybodies. Of course Hiram is the boss of his own business, but if he had the wisdom to leave things to his helpers, he would be more successful, and might have a healthier temperament.

Heckling has grown to be a habit with Hiram. He is a strong personality, and is often found on committees with other people, in charity, church and civic affairs. It is the same thing there. Everybody defers to him to keep the peace, and Hiram knows it and laughs in his sleeve. Of

course he doesn't dare to show the cloven hoof among his equals, but all the same he constitutes himself the man to be reckoned with. If you consult him first and get his consent so that he can be made to appear as the real mover of the motion, everything runs as smoothly as rivers of oil. He will be liberal with his support and his money if you adopt his policies, but from beneath the lion's skin there will come now and then the bray of the boss. There are benevolent bosses as well as brutal ones, and there is a slight choice in favor of the latter.

Senator Vance once told his wife a great secret: "Let me have my way, my dear, and you will never have any trouble with me."

## LII

### THE LONESOME RICH

PROSPERITY has its penalties no less than adversity. To arrive at a commanding height often means leaving the comrades behind. Pinnacles toward which we plod are often bare and cold.

Pity for the poor is a blessed characteristic of our generation above all others. Every unfortunate commands his hostelry of good cheer and comfort. The heart of humanity is most wonderfully kind to man and beast. But who shall feed the hungry heart of the prosperous? In this day of strikes for higher wages, of sympathy for the health and happiness of the poor, of contest with the powers and conditions that oppress the weak, this will seem a false note. But it isn't! Not a whit less for the needy, but something at least for the prosperous! It is a neglected cry but it ought to be heard. "Oh!" we say, "that man or woman has money to burn. All he has to do is to put his hand in his pocket and the money is there." Those who speak thus exhibit the baldest kind of materialism. Can money buy everything under the sun? Are human beings quite beast-like in being happy only

when their maws are crammed and their crops filled? Poor and rich alike, we know better than this. Money by itself never yet brought happiness or peace or love.

Many a man whose sole article of faith was, "Put money in my purse," has found himself shut up in the dark vaults with his treasure. Many another man with a much higher ideal has found that his friends have left him walled in behind his prosperity. Class feeling is the composite of the arrogance of success and the offishness of failure. It takes two to make a relationship. If the successful man is tempted to be snobbish, his old friends are equally tempted to be sensitive. The rift is the product of double activities.

Here is the heart of the social problem. Varying degrees of material prosperity have made all the mischief. The solution will be in sight when all of us, rich and half-rich, poor and half-poor, quit making money the test of worth. It is the shame of our American society that money is the magic key to any circle. Rank materialism is this and it is making a moneyed class which menaces democracy. Pity the rich who know none but the rich and pity the poor who know not the heart of the prosperous.

Wealth does not brutalize everybody. The rich man who is hard, would have been just as hard if he had stayed poor. You do not have to

be rich to be stingy. Many of us who are poor could hardly be trusted with riches. Many of the men to-day most sensitive to the needs of the less fortunate, are possessors of great wealth.

Cut out all the rich malefactors and there will be left a great company of prosperous people who are very human. Do not let your suspicion keep them aloof. Little kindnesses and attentions mean as much to the man who has plenty of money, as to you and me. I know a millionaire whose eyes filled with tears at the sight of a little basket of fruit sent to him by one of his poor friends. He could have cornered the fruit market, but love like that could not be bought.

Sudden riches only spoil fools, and we are not talking about fools just now. Don't rob your rich friends. Show them the kindness that is in your heart. Don't be afraid of "butting in." You can't match them financially, but your heart-coin will be appreciated for the real gold it is. Sometimes the prosperous people are the most needy. Pity the poor rich people.

## LIII

### WHY THIS WASTE?

CHRISTMAS is over, and fortunes have been spent mainly for trifles. At least the things we buy in December we would never think of buying for our friends in May or October. Avalanches of neckties, socks and handkerchiefs, tons of holiday cards and long tons of cigars which Mark Twain would value at \$3.50 per barrel, have been sacrificed upon the holiday altar. What becomes of most of these things? Tinsel and trinkets, gew-gaws and ginger-bread, trees and trimmings,— what a mass of stuff goes up in smoke! Why this waste? The question sounds familiar, and come to think of it, it was asked of a great philosopher a long time ago. The circumstances will bear repeating, and this is how it was:

The Great Teacher was dining in the house of his friends and a woman came and breaking the thin neck of a cruse of costly ointment poured the contents upon his feet. "Why!" exclaimed the charitable people present. "Think of the bread that could be bought with the price of such a thing! Why this waste? Two hundred pence



for the poor!" But the teacher did not agree with them. He said that she not only had rendered him a delicate and acceptable service, but that what she had done would be of permanent value to all the world.

The perfume did not die out that day centuries ago in far-off Palestine. It will never die out. The cruse is shattered and the ointment gone every whit, but where heart answers to heart, there will never lack bread for the poor. The mistake of those thrifty people was the very mistake we often make, and which this very teacher tried to correct when he said that man does not live by bread alone.

When the finer sentiments have play, the ordinary needs of human life are not hard to supply. When the streams of appreciation and affection are running strong, the clumsy craft of daily care will have no difficulty in floating. A country without sentiment is a waste, and the people thereof are savages. Art is the effort to catch in permanent forms the finer feelings of humanity. Architecture is sentiment expressed in visible shapes. Notre Dame and St. Peter's are the devotions and aspirations of saints made visible to him who hath eyes to see. A portrait is less the physical likeness of a man, than the flash of a mood which his friends recognize. That is a poor picture that does not reveal the soul of its object.

Anything that feeds our finer and loftier feelings enriches our life. The soul that is barren is the soul without an atmosphere. Like the moon, it is seamed and scorched, because the rays of the blazing sun are untempered by atmosphere and the gentle rains which it holds.

Songs die out on the air but they live in the heart. Festivities fade away but the flavor abides. Sighs of the lover and prayers of the sinner seem lost in immensity but they come back on the hearts that uttered them rich with the dew of heaven.

Man shall not live by bread alone. Shall we forever see "things" and not the thoughts which they symbolize? Are "home" and "house" synonymous? Or "wealth" and "happiness"? Where then is love and patriotism? Is Old Glory a rag? What brings the lump in your throat when the National Anthem is sung? Surely it is not the tune or the words, but the sentiment in the heart which it arouses. Is the tree and its gaudy trimmings to fill the eye or do they point to the eternal spirit of Christmas? The enemy of mankind is the materialist and he it is who cries piously, "Why this waste?"

## LIV

### THREEFOLD PROFIT

"I CANNOT tell how the truth may be, I tell the tale as 'twas told to me." And it was a business man who told it. Verily out of the mouth of babes and — merchants, is truth ordained these days, and in the multitude of business is the vision. Poetry is ever distilled from prose, indeed cannot be derived any other where. From the days of Simon Peter on the housetop, it is the fumes of the common life below that bring down the heavenly vision from above. Experience after all, and not speculation, is the great mother of philosophy.

It sounds at first blush like sentiment to speak of the spirituality of business, but are not principles spiritual always? Is not the crashing avalanche but the obedient slave of gravitation? Does not the deadly dynamite wait upon the command of chemical attraction? Are not magnetism and thought but the other forms of subtle, unseen forces that work incessantly? Destroy the sensible universe of things and you have only disposed of the shell. It is a wise man who sees, through the shell, the living principles within.

The materialist sees only effects in pounds, inches, and dollars. The philosopher in the study or behind the work-bench, sees causes whence effects proceed always. Pure barter is unrelieved materialism, so much commodity for so much coin. Business is bigger and more spiritual than this, for it invokes in its operation some of the universal principles of life. Ask any merchant how he defines the term "profit" and his answer will give you his dimensions and specific gravity. If he says, "Money talks," you may know at once that nothing else talks so as to be heard by him. Such a man is slowly, Faust-like, selling life for pelf. He may gain the whole world but his losses will be irreparable, and he will discover the cheat too late.

If he answers like my merchant, you will see business spelled with an illuminated capital, and a man who works as by a proffered light.

Profit to such a man is threefold — money, service, and character. And it were well to see these clearly. Money is not filthy in itself, only in its uses. If it is acquired dishonorably, it is the man, not the money, that is unclean. If it is expended unworthily, it merely rows madly in the galleys of greed to the lash of its evil master. It is men you corrupt, not money; mind only is susceptible to evil, never matter. The making of money is wholly laudable — nay, it may be a

shameful thing not to make money, if the failure is due to inadequate effort. Money in itself is wholly a blessing. It has immensely reduced the labor of life. Fancy those early Spartan coins that it took a team of oxen to draw. It is the messenger of light going everywhere with its good cheer in service to men. It contains the labor, the prayers, the tears, the blood, of mankind in its composition. It stands to reason that no man who thinks only of himself can be trusted with so living a substance as money. What if he should turn its released dynamic in evil ways against society?

Threefold profit, said the merchant, and the second is service. It is not enough to sell and pocket the cash. It is better to pocket the customer, if you can. The sale is the plucked fruit, the customer is the tree, and a blind man can see the difference. Good service always pays a larger dividend than shrewdness, even as good-will in the customer is more profitable than disappointment. All business, all labor, all effort, professional or otherwise, become immensely expanded when defined as service to mankind, and have their profit in the time that now is and in that which is to come.

\* And character? So said the merchant, I tell you. Is not the character the basis and the reward of all effort? It is a by-word in business

now, that character is the first requisite of success. You and your goods have got to be up to the mark. All short cuts run through quicksands and quagmires and the way is strewn with many a grinning skull. How splendid that upon every commonplace effort of men three such potent forces should converge, material reward, helpfulness and character. Business success is the chemic unity of these three — Money, Service, and Character.

## LV

### THE MANLIEST MAN

HE was always a man's man. The ring of reality was in everything he said, everything he did. Men of affairs, professional practical men, accustomed to real matters like finance and farming, responded instantly to the call of his personality. The power in his rugged sincerity, and often rough language, called for the best there was in them. They *had* to go with him. They knew he spoke the truth.

He was a woman's man. That is different from being a "lady's man" as our phrase goes. Not only was he always courtly and chivalrous to women, bad as well as good, but he never sought his own ends with them. Always he was big and brave and pure, and the weakest of them was as safe as a baby in his hands. No wonder they felt the stirrings of a new womanhood. They knew he could be trusted. He was the only man they had ever seen, that explains it. You can trust a woman's intuition every time.

His words could sting like a leaded lash, but he took no pleasure in hurting people. Always he kept reminding his hearers that he took no de-

light in picking flaws. He was human himself and knew what temptation was. He hurt, as the surgeon hurts, for the sheer purpose of healing. He cut to the quick only that he might quicken the life underneath. He suffered with his suffering patients, and he stayed by till the tide turned. He knew the cost of friendship, as he paid every farthing of the charge gladly. He was no cheap moralist. It is easy to teach, but to *be* the lesson yourself, that is what he was! Anybody can point the way, but to walk *all* the way, so that in a sense you *are the Way*, that is the unusual thing, and that does not happen every day.

I cannot imagine him in a clerical robe. I simply cannot conceive of him reciting creeds or splitting hairs over terms and definitions. All his life long he fought mere forms and ceremonies, with the weapon of reality. It is a matter of record that he did not withdraw from the people, for he was always found among them. He even took his reputation in his hands and visited deliberately the various men and women of the community. Of course he scandalized all the pious people for miles around. That was a terrific risk, but he only lost standing with the people who had no standing with him. After all, it was *their* risk, not his.

You know who is meant by all this, "Jesus of Nazareth," self-styled "*Son of Man*"—the man-



liest man of the ages. Whatever you may think of him theologically (and oh! how our theories must have obscured him!) you must own that many millions are following him to-day. Who was he? I don't suppose we can ever answer that fully. But here is a singular thing. Every act of splendid devotion to a cause; every self-forgotten heroism; every brave bearing of unutterable burdens; every glimpse of beauty of soul or purity of character — each brings from our lips the exclamation, "How like Jesus!" That is it in a nutshell. "The test and crown of Personality!" That is why men are at once judged and saved by him. I think he does not much care what we call him; I know that he cares infinitely whether we follow him. Let's do it. What do you say?











